NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME V.---NO. 10. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1844. WHOLE NUMBER 218.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

LYNCHING.

A case of Lynching occurred a short time since, in Panola, Mississippi. A laborer, in the employ of a clergyman, in Holmes county, stole from his employer two or three horses, and his two daughters, one about twelve, and the other ten years of age. He was accompanied by a negro man, a slave, whom he had *persuaded* to go with him,—*stole*, "the wise it call." They were caught on their way to Arkansas, or Texas, where they intended to make wives of their little captives. The rest of the tale is thus told by the Memphis Enquirer. That the girls were saved from the most terrible outrage from the white man, was owing to the negro, yet the latter received thirty-five, and the former twenty-five lashes. If the one was whipped to death, it seems it was only because he had less power of endurance than the other. "Hail Columbia!"

After the two fiends were taken, they were handcuffed, and brought back to Panola. The citizens, hearing the circumstances, and fearing that they might in some way escape the punishment due their crimes, organized themselves into an extrajudicial tribunal, and appointed a jury of twelve men, who sentenced them to be severely cowhided, the sentence to be executed one upon the other. This was accordingly done, the negro receiving thirty-five, and the white man twenty-five lashes, well laid on with a cowhide. The sentence was for each to receive fifty lashes, but they were so gashed with the number above stated, that the popular mercy remitted the balance. They were then handed over to their guard, to be taken back to Holmes. Our informant heard in Panola that the white man had been whipped to death by the citizens of that county, but is not certain that his information is correct.

No violence had been offered to the two little girls while in their captivity. From some conversation overheard by them, it is believed that their escape from outrage worse than death, was attributable to the negro, as he was heard to tell the white man, that "if he attempted it before they reached where they were going to, he would kill him." The white man had been employed some two or three weeks, by the father of the little girls, as a common laborer, is about thirty-five years of age, appears to be an Irishman, and has several names. He was said to be a Mormon.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

A very worthy young man, engaged in Southern trade, and for the most time a resident of the South, while speaking of the love of liberty manifested by the slave, and the means which are finally resorted to by the slaveholder to keep him, (the slave,) in subjection, related to us the following instance of cold blooded, brutal murder:

A slave, claimed by an important personage in one of the smaller cities of the State of Georgia, after having fled from his master, seized by bloodhounds, carried back, and whipped most shockingly; again made his escape, and in the swamps of Georgia declared his independence. Here he resolved to carry out this declaration, or die, rather than yield to his fellow-men the rights with which God had endowed him. He was, however, retaken under the following circumstances. His gun wanting repairs, it was sent to the city by a fellow-slave, who, on suspicion of being engaged in some insurrectionary plot, was immediately arrested, and forced to give the name and lurking place of the owner; and accompanied by two slaveholders, who were secreted in the bottom of the canoe, to paddle up the river to the place of his retreat. They soon espied him on the shore of the river—the point designated by their guide—half hidden by tangled grass, waiting to receive his companion. As they approached the shore, in answer to his whispered inquiry, he was informed that all was right, and feeling himself safe he *towered a freeman!* but just at that moment he received the contents of two rifles in his shoulders, and springing into the river for security, was shot again. His pursuers at first not daring to attack him, though unarmed, seeing now that he was disabled, commanded him to yield himself a slave, and approached to secure him. But again he plunged, and again they fired. Once more they commanded him to yield. "Give me liberty, or give me death!" he exclaimed in his agony. Another discharge of rifles silenced the free spirit of the liberty-loving slave. His mangled and bloody remains were then dragged on board the canoe, carried down the river, and displayed in the public square, as an example, to deter others from daring to assert their rights, and for the perpetuity of an institution, which, in the language of slaveholders, is now and ever has been "the corner stone of our republican edifice."—*Chronicle.*

From the Cincinnati Herald.

AN OUTRAGE.

The writer of the following is a respectable citizen, and his statements may be relied upon:

SARDINIA, July 5th, 1844.

DEAR SIR:—An outrage was perpetrated in this (Brown) county, about five miles from Ripley, on Thursday night, last week, on the person of a young man of color, by the name of Harbor Hurley, which has been scarcely surpassed for lawlessness and cruelty, since the commencement of the reign of mobocracy.

Hurley, and two other colored lads, were suspected of stealing money out of the drawer of Adam Kelly, on Sunday week last. A warrant was obtained from Justice Dixon, and the accused were arrested and put on their trial. No proof being brought against them, not even enough to excite a reasonable suspicion of guilt, they were discharged by Justice Dixon. They returned to their work, being engaged in harvesting; and on Thursday night at eleven o'clock. Adam Kelly, Gordon Hopkins, Alexander Dickings, and some two or three others, came to James Salisbury's, where Hurley was lodged, and obtained permission to take him out, to talk with him in relation to the theft. They hurried him off—not permitting him to dress himself—to a neighboring wood, stripped him naked, tied his hands behind his back, tied him to a tree, and whipped him, two at a time, with large switches or withes, from the back of his neck to his hips, in a most shocking manner, and then turned him loose, and fled. Just at this moment two sons of James Salisbury, being alarmed at the cries of Hurley, came to the spot, and found him in this sad plight. On Tuesday night last, I was present when Hurley's wounds were examined by Drs. Beck, Newkirk, and Pane, and several other citizens of this place. The scarfskin or epidermis was flayed off in not less than one hundred places, and the skin cut entirely through in not less than ten or a dozen places.

I have known Hurley several years; he is an orderly boy, and of highly respectable family. Thus, is Justice trampled down, and the rights of an unoffending citizen violated, because our statute-book is disgraced by a law prohibiting colored persons from giving testimony in our Courts of Justice against whites, notwithstanding they may be persons of the highest degree of respectability.

Yours, respectfully,
PHILO.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, July 18.

PENSACOLA, July 3d, 1844.

Messrs. Editors,—Seven negro men suddenly disappeared from this city, on the night of Saturday, the 22d of June, under circumstances that create the suspicion, that some active evil influence is now being secretly exerted among that portion of our population. A rumor prevails here, and is extensively believed, that there exists an association in the North, which pays a certain premium per head for slaves stolen and carried to the North. This tale seems too monstrous for belief, and yet hear the circumstances of the mysterious disappearance of these negroes; and if "your generous spirit has compared as mine has," at least your unbelief will be staggered. To enable you clearly to see the force of all the suspicious circumstances attending this affair, it will be necessary to detain you a little with a sketch of the history of the man who is supposed to have perpetrated the outrage.

JONATHAN WALKER was once a Nantucket, or New Bedford Whaler; some ten years ago, he came here from the North in a very small sloop, bringing about four thousand bricks, and a few winter vegetables—he subsequently brought out his family, in a larger vessel, with another venture in potatoes and cabbages, &c.; and renting a small house in the suburbs of the city, he opened his "notions" for retail. He remained in the city and neighborhood for four or five years, jobbing about as a carpenter or boat builder, and a part of the time, in the employment of the agent of the Bank and Railroad Company, taking care of, and shipping the Railroad Iron and other property. In the course of which last business, he had occasion to employ negroes to assist him in his labor. While he had them thus employed, he took them with him to his table for their meals, and talked with them with the utmost familiarity; and while they sat at meat with him, his daughters, nearly grown, waited on the table. During the few years of his sojourn here, he had habitually cultivated such an intimacy with the negroes as to excite the suspicion of some, and the disgust of most of the observing portion of our population, while, by his demure countenance, his sanctified air and speech, and his apparent devoutness and humility as a Christian, he secured the confidence of several highly respectable gentlemen of the city. The excitement against him was so considerable, that he thought it best to remove his family to the North. * * * On Saturday he beat down the Bay again, and at night was beating the Navy Yard. That night the negroes disappeared, and Walker and his boat have not since been heard of. * * * One thousand dollars will be paid for Walker, and one hundred dollars each for the negroes.

In haste, yours, J. T. W. BROWN.

Later papers bring the intelligence of the capture of Walker.—ED. STANDARD.

THEY CAN'T TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

Extract from the Will of A. P. Upshur.

I make and publish this as my last will and testament:

1. * * * * *—
2. * * * * *—

3. I emancipate, and set free, my servant, David Rich, and direct my executors to give him $100. I recommend him in the strongest manner, to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during which time he has been trusted to every extent, and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us; and yet he has never been detected in a serious fault, nor even in an intentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety always correct, and even delicate and refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me, into the new relations which he now must form. It is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give him, an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults, or more excellencies than he.

(Signed,) A. P. UPSHUR.

Pro-Slavery.

TEXAS.—MR. CALHOUN.

Extract from an article in the July number of Brownson's Quarterly Review.

We have no room for the discussion of the Texas question, but happily that question has already been amply discussed by greater and better men than we, and whose voice will have authority where ours could not gain a hearing. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our regret that Slavery has been allowed to play so conspicuous a part in the discussion. We want Texas annexed to the Union, but for reasons wholly foreign to the question of Slavery. We want it as the key to our Southwestern frontier; because we cannot, with a due regard to our means of national defence, suffer it to pass, actually or virtually, into the hands of Great Britain, or of France; because we want it for the benefit of our coasting-trade, as a market for our Northern manufactures, and as the means of preserving to ourselves the market of the great valley of the Mississippi, and of opening to us the rich markets of Mexico; because the Texans are our brothers, and wish to be received as members of our great family of freemen. We want it, also, to preserve the proper balance between the Atlantic States, and the interior, which the rapid growth of the great West, will, in a few years, without the Annexation of Texas, wholly destroy. Here are our reasons, at least some our reasons, for favoring Annexation, and these have no connection with Slavery. For ourselves, we feel very little interest in the Slave question, in itself considered. The danger to our Union, to the sacred cause of human rights, is not now in Negro Slavery, but in the principles and measures of the Abolitionists, which, if carried out, would prove a far greater calamity than Slavery is, or can be, even allowing it to be all that the Abolitionists alledge. The remedy they propose, would prove infinitely worse than the disease. Still, we say, very frankly, that we see no beauty or comeliness in Slavery, that we should desire it, and we assure our Southern brethren that we will help them adopt no measure for the sake of perpetuating it. It is their affair, and they must take the responsibility of it.

But, while we say this, we say also that we will resist, even unto blood, if need be, any and every effort to abolish Slavery over the ruins of the Constitution, and the sacred institutions of religion, or, what is no better, *through the direct or indirect intervention of a foreign power.* We are an independent nation, and the supreme judge for ourselves, of the wisdom or justice of our institutions and practices. We suffer not Great Britain, nor any foreign Government, to teach us officially what is, or is not our duty. No foreign Government shall be suffered to intermeddle with our concerns, even so far as to aid us in correcting what we ourselves may believe to be wrong, and in need of redress. In regard to foreign nations, our country is infallible, and all her institutions are sacred.

We here express what we understand to be the purport of Mr. Calhoun's patriotic letter to the British minister, for which he has received so much, and such unmerited abuse. We read that letter with a glow of patriotic pride; we felt thankful that we had at length one Minister of State, who dared speak the language of national independence, and rebuke the insolent foreign Government which had presumed to send its minister here to read us a moral lecture. In relation to foreigners, we are ONE PEOPLE, and acknowledge no distinction of Free States, and Slave States. Every citizen, whether of South Carolina, or of Massachusetts, is alike entitled to the protection and defence of the whole. All our institutions, not excepting the domestic institutions of the South, under this relation, are alike national and sacred; and an attack on any one of them by a foreign government, is an insult to the whole nation. Such an insult was the avowal made officially by the British Minister, of the views and intentions of his Government on the subject of Slavery; and we envy no American citizen who did not feel it to be an insult, and an insult offered by a haughty, insolent, and canting rival. It was this insult Mr. Calhoun rebuked, in his letter to Mr. Packenham, and in terms as dignified as they were pointed and severe. Is there an American so lost to all sense of national dignity and respect, as to blame him? What if Great Britain had made an official communication to our Government, that she looked upon our banking and factory systems as wrong, as hostile to Christian principles of liberty, and political economy, and that it was her desire, and she would be unceasing in her efforts, to abolish them; would our bankers and manufacturers have blamed Mr. Calhoun for reminding the British Government, through its Minister, that this was our own affair, and that no foreigner could be allowed to intermeddle with it? What abuse, indeed, would not have been heaped upon his head, and deservedly, too, if he had not repelled the national insult?

But it is said Mr. Calhoun entered into a defence of Slavery. He did no such thing. He offers in his letter not one word in defence of Slavery. He merely told the British Minister that British *philanthropy* might be better employed; that, if allowed to accomplish the end avowed, it would bring no substantial benefit to the negro race, which the British Government proposed to take under its especial protection; for the actual condition of that portion of the race held to service, was not a little superior to that of the portion nominally free. And who of us, who have ever visited a Southern plantation, doubts the fact? The condition of the slaves at the South, we all know, is far superior to that of the free blacks of the North. The silly, sickly, restless sentimentalizers, at home and abroad, who are ready to sacrifice the *substance* of freedom to secure its mere *name*, would do well to ask themselves, whether they have yet discovered a relation in which the black race can live on the same territory with the white, at all superior to that in which they now live at the South. We have had enough of cant and humbug. Mock us not with the mere name of liberty; give us the substance of freedom, and do what you will with the empty name. The Manchester, or Leeds operative, is nominally a freeman; how much more real freedom has he than Quashy, on the Southern plantation? Great Britain is now importing negroes, it is said, from the coast of Africa, into her West Indian colonies, with the avowed purpose, by the multiplication of laborers, of reducing the price of labor to the very minimum of human subsistence. How much better than slaves are laborers, forced by the lash of hunger, to toil for the mere minimum of human subsistence? And what right has England to read us a lecture on Slavery? Let her look at home. The great mass of her population are reduced to a state of moral and physical degradation unknown in any other European country. Her paupers are one out of every seven of her whole population; while even in Italy, of whose degradation we hear so much, they are only one to every twenty-five. She has reduced Ireland to a state of beggary, her hundred millions of East Indian subjects to the lowest destitution; she has commenced the work of doing the same to the Chinese; she is plethoric with the spoils of the defenceless, everywhere, fat with the life-blood of every nation she could overawe; and yet she has the impudence to send her Minister here to read us a moral lecture on Slavery! and we, degenerate sons of noble sires, miserable cravens, applaud her for her generosity, and noble philanthropy, and hurl our censures only at the patriotic Minister of State who has ventured to rebuke her insolence, and vindicate his country!

Mr. Calhoun contrasted the condition of the slaves and free blacks, not for the purpose of defending Slavery, but for the purpose of showing the British Minister, *emphatically*, that this subject of Slavery involved considerations of which no foreigner can judge, and that, if Slavery is an evil, it is an evil of which we alone can judge, as to the proper time, measures, and modes of redress. This letter was called for, was proper, was manly. If some of the statistics on which he relied, may be successfully disputed, they were still sufficiently accurate for all the purposes of his argument; and enough others, which nobody can question, can be adduced whenever they shall be needed.

We are exceeding our limits; but we must warn our friends to beware of courting, in this, or any contest, the aid of the fanatical Abolitionists. Can a man touch pitch, and not be defiled? The time has come when we must take our stand firmly for our religious institutions, for our country, for our *whole* country, and the noble Constitution of this Union, and be true to them, though we find ourselves opposed to every modern fanatic, who, because he has got the crotchet of philanthropy in his head, fancies himself privileged to scatter firebrands, arrows, and death, at his pleasure. There must be no misgiving, no swerving. The times are perilous. It is the day of trial. May God in mercy aid us, and grant that we may all prove equal to the holy trust committed to us; that we may skrink from no struggle, from no sacrifice, but be ready at any moment to give up all, even life itself, at the demand of our country, of republican freedom, and religious liberty!

Selections.

THE ABUSED SOUTH.

The following article is from the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, written in reply to the speech of Mr. McDuffie, as delivered a few weeks since at Richmond, Virginia. It is well worth reading, not for its Whiggish tendencies, for with party questions Anti-Slavery has nothing to do, but for its repetition of truths and facts which the Abolitionists have been trying for years to impress upon the minds of the besotted North. It is, too, a spirited and proper rebuke of the whining complaints, made both North and South, of the oppressive wrongs inflicted upon the latter by the former. That the writer does not see distinctly the true cause of the commercial and agricultural poverty of the South is not singular, when we remember that the North is just as ignorant of it, or as unwilling to confess it, while possessing all the advantages of position to see it clearly:

MR. McDUFFIE'S RICHMOND SPEECH.

We resume our remarks on this eloquent, but intemperate production; and we select for censure the coarse and bitter epithets, which the author applies to his fellow-citizens of the North. Mr. McDuffie habitually speaks of the Northern Tariffites as "plunderers and robbers," attributing to them mercenary motives and dishonest purposes. Did it never occur to him, even in his dogmatizing assumption of infallibility, that conceding him to be right in his free trade views, yet the advocates of the protective system may not be designing and sordid knaves, but at least the subjects of an honest delusion? Has he never heard of Southern men, and large cotton planters, too, of unimpeachable character and patriotism, who honestly believed that the tariff policy was the true policy of the whole country, South as well as North? Does he not know that the gifted and pure-minded Grimké, that the talented Judge Lee, that the sagacious and steady-minded Thomas Lowndes, were firm believers in the constitutionality and expediency of the protective system? Does he not know that hundreds in the South, and thousands in Virginia, especially, share this belief? What right, then, has he to assume the dishonesty of Northern Tariffites, and denounce them as spoilers and thieves?

Surely Mr. McDuffie must know that the tariff or protective policy is a moot question, on which wise and honest and patriotic men and statesmen differ, in this and every other civilized country. If he, notwithstanding *his* deep stake in cotton, can honestly go for free trade, which, as he thinks, will increase the price of cotton, and fill his own coffers, may not the Northern man honestly go for a tariff of protection, although he may believe it will increase the price of his goods, or rather enlarge the market for their sale? Is there less virtue, honesty, patriotism, in the Northern man than the Southern man? Not a jot—not a jot, Mr. McDuffie—human nature is pretty nearly the same everywhere, and we doubt not that North and South stand on a footing of moral equality. Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Rives, of Virginia, and other great and patriotic statesmen, now believe that a protective tariff is both constitutional and expedient, and Mr. Calhoun, our own great Southerner, once believed the same thing; and the pure and illustrious William Lowndes, he whose wisdom and integrity are embalmed in a nation's unbought homage, believed the same thing, to the day of his lamented death! Is it not, then, manifest, Sir, that you are pushing your rhetoric to a slanderous extremity, you are carrying hyperbole to a malignant extent, when you prate of "the plunderers of the North," and "the robberies of the North," and assert that—"within these twenty years past, the pride and power and wealth of the South have been broken down, and an unnatural and *indolent* [Heaven save the mark!] aristocracy of *beggars* and robbers have grown up in the North!!"

Sir, you have as little warrant for denouncing your Northern fellow-citizens (who are every whit as "good men and true" as you are) as "plunderers and robbers," because they hoist the banner of protection to home industry—a banner which all our Presidents, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, "and Tyler too," and even Mr. Polk—have all given to the breeze—as they have to denounce you as a sea-robber, and a pirate, because you hoist the banner of free trade. As for your charge, that Northern spoliations have beggared the South, there is about as much foundation for it, as for your absurd imputation of indolence to one of the most active and industrious and enterprising set of men in our country, or in the world; and be assured, Sir, you are drawing largely on your imagination when you suppose that the "pride of the South has been broken down"—it is at this moment as high and indomitable as ever, and we know nothing that could more conclusively demonstrate the fact than your own proud and contumelious scorn and hatred of Northern manufacturers and Northern men—thus carrying to a vicious excess that noble pride, which is a virtue and a source of virtue in the Southern character. We believe the South to be in far from a beggared condition; we believe her, on the contrary, to be full of the elements of prosperity—and if she has suffered, and is suffering, it is due to the general disasters which have befallen the land, to the evils of a deranged currency unduly tampered with by an unwise administration, to wild and extravagant speculation, to commercial revulsions, to destructive fires, and in the Southern Atlantic States, especially, to worn out lands, competing with the inexhaustible fertility of more favored and fresher regions, to a mad perseverance in the cultivation of almost a single staple, instead of diversifying our industrial pursuits: to absenteeism, and to luxurious and expensive habits of living.

These are the chief causes, general and local, of the depression of the South; the sin lies more at our own door than at that of the "unnatural and indolent Northern aristocracy of beggars and robbers." But, Sir, you have exaggerated greatly the poverty and wretchedness of the South. We firmly believe that industry, good management, and economy, yield in the South, as well as the North, the usual fruits of comfort and wealth—and you yourself, Sir, in your large cotton interest managed with a success, it is said, almost unrivalled, and yielding you a handsome fortune annually, (although "as God is your judge, Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, derives a greater benefit from the cotton you send to market, than you do yourself,") are a living and a signal proof, that cotton planting, judiciously managed, even in South Carolina, with all the disadvantages that surround her, is a pursuit that leads to opulence with some, and competency with all. And as to the "power" of the South, how can you call that "broken down," when the South now holds, as she almost ever has done, the high seats of power in the nation? Although the minority interest, and the minority population of the Union, yet has the South had six out of the ten Presidents* that filled the Executive Chair since the origin of our present Constitution—and five of these have been double-term Presidents—while, of the four Northern and non-slaveholding Presidents,† three have been but one term Presidents, and the other (unhappily for the country) but a *one month* President, and he a native of Virginia.

The South, too, has had three out of the five Chief Justices‡ who have presided over the Supreme Court of the Union—and, at this very moment, a Southern man and Slaveholder is President of the Republic, and his entire cabinet,§ with a single exception, are Southern or Western men, and Slaveholders; a Southern man and Slaveholder is Chief Justice of the Republic, a Southern man and Slaveholder is the Major-General of our Armies, a Southern man and Slaveholder is President pro tem. of the Senate, a Southern man and Slaveholder is Speaker of the House of Representatives, a Southern man and Slaveholder is the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and a Western man and Slaveholder, born on the soil of Virginia, and full of honor, and love, and sympathy for his native Southern State, is the Whig candidate for the Presidency! Look at this truthful picture, Sir, of *your* oppressed, insulted, broken down South! and repeat if you dare, the rash, the reckless assertion, that—"*Within these twenty years past, the pride, the power, and the wealth of the South have been broken down, and an unnatural and indolent aristocracy of beggars and robbers have grown up in the North.*"

* Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler.

† John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison.

‡ John Rutledge, Marshall, Taney. The others were Jay and Ellsworth.

§ The following is the composition of President Tyler's Cabinet—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Secretary of State; George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War; Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, Postmaster General; and John Nelson, of Maryland, Attorney General.

Communications.

REPORT OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

(Continued.)

ABIGAIL FOLSOM, who had frequently attempted to speak, and occasioned some disorder by frequent change of place, and appeals to those in her immediate neighborhood, now commenced speaking upon her customary subjects, with a vehemence which stopped all possibility of proceeding with the business of the hour.

MR. PHILLIPS and Mr. WHITE approached to take her arms, to lead her out of the meeting. She allowed herself to hang helplessly down. A chair was placed beneath her, and Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. WHITE carried her out of the hall. Mr. QUINCY and Mr. FOSTER following, to give any needed assistance. Mr. Quincy then returned to the platform, and gave notice that the Convention was not responsible for the removal of Mrs. Folsom, as the individuals who had removed her, had done it on their own responsibility: and none could be implicated in the act except those who approved it.

Many, and various expressions of opinion were now heard. A LADY, (unknown,) said she had never seen this person before, but she had seen enough to convince her that she was insane, and wondered that any in the Convention could doubt it.

Another LADY—as the removal was effected—"You're doing wrong, friends; you're wrong!"

A GENTLEMAN, (unknown.)—You've done wrong to let her get to this pitch of phrensy, by exciting herself here day after day.

A SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Has she no friends to take care of her? A THIRD.—No medical man would doubt. A FOURTH.—Shame! Shame!

HENRY CLAPP.—The Convention, it is said, is not responsible. Approval only makes us responsible. I can only say, that I for one am not responsible. I repudiate it as a pro-slavery act; and I would have no one, who saw it without expressing disapproval, lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he is not responsible in the matter.

MR. FOSTER.—I regret to differ from one with whom I am generally so entirely in agreement; but I must say, I differ entirely from my friend Clapp. I did not actually assist in removing her—that duty devolved more immediately upon others. But she was removed by my advice. I have myself been, again and again, removed from houses where I claimed the exercise of the right of speech, and in the name of that sacred right, I now stand up here to defend it. I believe there is not practically so great an enemy to it, as he who would submit it to the caprices of lunacy.

A VOICE, (unknown.)—Where is the difference, Mr. Foster? *You* carry *her* out, because *you* say she's insane. *They* carry *you* out, because *they* say *you're* insane.

MR. FOSTER.—The friends here have treated her as a lunatic in their judgment. They have treated her as I should have treated her long ago; as philanthropy dictates that lunatics should be treated. I never should have blamed those who took me out of their meetings, saying I was insane, had they been only mistaken: had they believed what they said. But they did not think it. They prosecuted me, and carried me before a civil tribunal. Who ever heard of a prosecution of an insane man? Their conduct convicts them of hypocrisy. I dare not take upon myself the responsibility of allowing free speech to be put an end to, by one of whose lunacy I have not a shadow of doubt. Nor do I esteem it an act of philanthropy to let an insane woman break up, or use up the time of a meeting like this. But I rose to speak on another subject. Double the effort, with half the result, has been made last year, to what we may expect the coming year. Such arrangements and changes have been made, as will secure the co-operation of the Executive Committee, and the Society, and we may look forward to a far greater degree of success than ever before. Under every disadvantage, I do think that more was accomplished last year, than in all the years since the attempted betrayal of the cause.

[Several voices here announced pledges and donations.]

MR. ROGERS.—I wish just here to say one word. It seems to me of more importance to secure the right of speech, than to raise money to sustain speakers. Do this Convention believe that that woman was insane? [Cries of Yes! Yes! and No! No!] You see there is a division of opinion on that matter. I believe that that woman, if she'd spoken on the other side, would have been listened to patiently: and if so, she should have been on this. We must lay in an everlasting stock of patience: we must have meetings that a bedlamite cannot break up. I protest against carrying out people on doubtful grounds. I ask if she has been removed for her own sake, or the sake of the meeting? [Response—her own! her own! both! she's a lunatic!]

The whole country is in the same condition, and has often done the same thing that she has. It can[illegible] our proceedings. I have often made others very impatient, in the course of prosecuting the cause, and I hope that here at least there would be a patience proof against all assaults.

MR. PHILLIPS, having just returned from the care of Mrs. Folsom, said he rose to state that he, with Mr. White, took upon themselves the responsibility of this act. I dissent, he continued, entirely from what my friend has just said. I have patience to the utmost amount of his wish. It is not because I am impatient, that I have done this. It was my conviction of duty. It is not my duty, however, neither is it my purpose, to call all the insane people of the community together by proclamation, to exhibit their diseased condition to the exclusion of sane speech and action, while I exhibit my patience. This meeting has not assembled for that purpose. I should even arraign that man whose devotedness I did not otherwise know, as recreant to the cause, who was willing to sacrifice the claims of the slave, and the rights of this meeting, to the wilfulness and the wanderings of one friendless and unfortunate lunatic. She was removed in friendship and kindness, as such: and I know no free speech where it may not be preserved by such a necessary and commendable measure. We have witnessed these exhibitions for years—we have observed this unfortunate woman long and carefully: and I have come to the conclusion that it is a waste of time, and a wrong to her, to go on thus. I am not going to disbelieve in insanity, because somebody may sometime or other think me insane. If they do, they will, of course, treat me as insane. This person is not morally accountable—she speaks without giving the slightest evidence that she is capable of self-control. I have offered the best testimony that could be offered to freedom of speech, in her removal. I met at the entrance, one of the worst enemies of the Anti-Slavery cause. He had been rejoicing in the anticipation of our proceedings being stopped by this interruption, and he began to talk to me about outraging freedom of speech, and his belief that she was sane. I knew it was a lie. He does not believe her sane. But he, with all the pro-slavery community, wish these meetings to be interrupted, as the only ones where free speech is exercised; and they hail with delight whatever prevents it. I say to my friend Rogers, that with opponents—with dullness and inability on all sides—with hostility, I call with him upon all men, to bear. But there is such a thing as insanity; and I call upon all to say whether, after three years of the most unprejudiced observation, the evil continually strengthening, there be a possibility of identifying insanity, if this be not a case of it.

MR. WHITE thought that the observation of the great body of the audience must have convinced them of the true nature of the case. If ever he had acted under a sense of severe duty—if ever he had been painfully moved to the soul, by the performance of duty, it was now. He sympathized with the feelings of his friend, Rogers, though he could not agree with him as to the course to be pursued.

MISS KELLEY.—Would not friend Rogers take the knife from the hand of the maniac?

MR. ROGERS.—I would; but the question is not illustrative. I would take a course in a case of undoubted insanity, which I could not adopt in this, for it is not one of that kind. My friend Quincy tells me there is evidence enough to prove that it is; but don't let us take pro-slavery testimony too implicitly. We may behave so as to give the slaveholders occasion against us, and they may treat us like madmen, under the plea that they thought they ought. Let the non-competent person remain. No matter whether she is insane, or not. If you do remove her, you lose the argument.

MR. QUINCY.—I will state a few facts for the information of such of the audience as may not know them, and which will show, I think, that if she be not a lunatic, no person can be proved so on testimony. An impartial jury, before whom she was carried as a disturber of the peace, discharged her as insane. She has also been discharged from the Worcester Insane Hospital, by Dr. Woodward, as incurably insane.

MR. ROGERS.—She may be crazy enough for a jury, and yet not crazy enough for an Anti-Slavery Society.

MR. CLAPP.—If she is crazy, I should agree in the course adopted by my friends, White and Phillips. But I have seen nothing this morning that seems to me a sufficient proof of it. I will say, though with pro-slavery applause ringing in my ears, that when she was treated with consideration, and without appealing to her combativeness, she did behave better than this morning; and I think, had she been permitted to go on, she would have at length exhausted her physical strength, and have then been quiet. I think, that, had the audience quietly seated themselves, and had we sat silent, even though it had been for the rest of the day, that act would have been more touching—more propelling to the cause than anything we could say. God's speech is always silence, and yet it is the only truly effectual word.

MR. BURLEIGH thought the amount of discussion elicited by the removal of Mrs. Folsom, a proof that it was inexpedient at least. No time had been saved.

Miss KELLEY reported more pledges and donations from the meeting, among which was, "from a Boston minister, $2 00." (*Applause.*) The time of adjournment having arrived, here ended the fourth session.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—*Fifth Session.*

HENRY CLAPP presented a resolution on the character of the American Church, embodying the statement, that that Church, as the most bitter and unrelenting enemy of the Anti-Slavery movement, had forfeited all claim to the name of Christian, and that it is therefore the duty of Abolitionists to cease to support it, and to explain its hypocrisy to the people. [See Standard of June 27, for this resolution.]

DR. GRANDIN, of Maine.—After the forcible and triumphant arguments, and the thrilling appeals that I have here listened to, it is not my purpose, Mr. President, to attempt to entertain the Abolitionists with words that are not needed; but I rise to add my testimony to that of the friends who have already spoken. I see gentlemen around me, who say that they have ever held the position, that it is their duty to come out from sustaining the iniquity of slaveholding—and yet, now find that they are opposed to the resolution on dissolution. They became members of the Anti-Slavery Society, on the agreement, that slaveholders should not be members of it. There was a feeling *then*, Sir, that union with the slaveholder, to put down Slavery, was an absurdity. And there seems to be a feeling now, that a man can hardly be faithful to the American Society, and to the Union both; for those who cleave to the Union are obliged to protest against the doings of the American Society. I ask, as I have heard asked for the twentieth time—"What is the American Constitution, but a written contract to sustain slaveholding?"

Even if there were no Constitution—if the United States Government had been organized without one, and common law had been the basis of our social state, as in England, and yet, if Slavery had been virtually recognized as beyond and above the control of common law, I ask if even then, by legislating with the South, under that tacit agreement, we should not be in union with slaveholders? Yet some gentlemen seem to think, that if the words of the Constitution can be redeemed by any force of construction, from the charge of pro-slavery, it is enough. I ask them, are they bound by it to the South, as the *South* understands it, or are they not bound? If they *are* so bound, no wonder they cannot go on any farther with the Anti-Slavery Society. If they are *not* so bound, why they are dissolutionists.

I see that Mr. White wishes to find a position in which he shall be at once bound and not bound. He contends that the Constitution is a worthless parchment, and yet it is of so much worth that if we renounce it, we shall lose all our hold upon the South! He contends that we are, in the Southern construction, not bound by it; and yet to *declare* that we are not, without more ado, is inconsistent and unjustifiable in the highest degree! He tells us the Constitution is not regarded at the South. I know it; and on that very account I have long felt as if it were impossible, in justice to ourselves, to cleave to it any longer. But when I think of the slaves, my conviction becomes perfect, that it is a duty to cease to do so; but I will not imitate the South in demanding a latitudinarian construction of such parts of it as do not suit me. I will not say, as Mr. White does, it was made to bind *you*, but not to bind *me!*

When this argument was presented, I could not but ask myself whether the gentleman would apply it in all legal cases. If he were making an affidavit of half a dozen specifications, and then contended, when it came to be sent out into the world, that his oath extended only to three of them, I ask whether it would not destroy all confidence in his veracity? I ask if we can repudiate any one article, and yet, at the same time, bind ourselves to all? I contend that it is an impossibility in the eye of common sense; and I should like to see the legal authority that would not pronounce it so in the eye of legal sense too? Politicians may indeed stand up in Convention and *make* such a statement, but does that convince persons of plain common sense, who have nothing but right and truth to subserve, that the position is a tenable one? But "it is a blurred old parchment!" men say of the Constitution. Well, Sir, is it not just as binding on you, if you take oath to it, as if it was new and clear? The gentleman who presents this argument has dwelt on the want of agreement which he thinks exists between the principles and the practice of dissolutionists, as his

strong ground of opposition. He will allow me to say to him, that, until his repentance of his share in supporting that instrument shall amount to abnegation of it, there is no one that he can, with a very good face, charge with inconsistency.

The whole theory amounts to this. We've made an agreement to do some right things and some wrong things: but the only reason why we swore to do the wrong things, was to get a chance to do the right things. The only way to sustain what is true, is to swear to what is false! I have seen the document signed "Pendleton," originally published in the Boston Courier, and I suppose it is well known who is the author; and where *that* gentleman has signally failed, it is no wonder that gentlemen here should prove unsuccessful. What *other* class is "held to labor and service" with this iron grasp by which the Constitution holds the chattel slave? Is there any *apprentice* so held and so bound that he *cannot* be discharged even by his master? Let the master lay his hand on the obstinate apprentice, and then the matter must go to Court, and there the value of the claim, in gold and silver, must be tendered; and if he refuses it, he loses his claim. But Boston cannot do so to the Slaveholder. We owe *him* labor and service, and *nothing else*. We are held, not to damages, but to the delivery of the pound of flesh nearest the heart; and, as if there were no other way to avoid this crime, we are urged to commit perjury, to secure a greater good than truth.

But we are told, in explanation, that we only swear to the instrument that contains these clauses, for the sake of getting a chance of doing them away. If we did not get office, to amend the Constitution, somebody else would, to keep it as it is. Why, Sir, I reply, *we* never can get office, but by swearing, *ourselves*, to support it *as it is!* It is *as it is*, till it is altered, and we have to swear to what it *is*—not to what it *may be*. I must swear to support a union with Slaveholders, because I can't get power to amend it unless I do. I must meet cunning with cunning—villany with villany—to become honest, I must be dishonest; perfidy rather than revolution: We are *unfortunate* in our birth;—born to bad luck;—brought forth into a bad political position, which we *must* swear to support till it ceases. Is not that the whole argument?

We have had these few naked propositions very much involved in a cloud of eloquence. Mr. White compared the Union to the Augean Stable through which we were to pour forth a tide of public sentiment to cleanse it. I may be permitted to express a doubt whether taking a stall in it, and swearing that the corruption shall stay there, and the stable remain in its filth, will have any tendency to swell such a tide of public sentiment as will cleanse it. [Applause.] I leave it to Mr. White, whether the comparison of this Union to a copartnery in piracy, was not the *exact* illustration of our condition. The peaceable citizens on land, swear to furnish supplies, and arms, and ammunition, to the men who cut throats upon the deck; and that, in consideration of a share in the plunder. This is the exact description of the union between the North and the South, only we *call* it a Government. When the non-pirates—the non-slaveholders, are told that this is all wrong,—when they acknowledge that it is, and are asked how they mean to get rid of it, "Oh," they cry, "we leave the actual throat-cutting and plundering to those on deck; and we only maintain the copartnery with them till we can get a majority willing to elect a captain who is not a pirate; and in order to do that, we will elect a pirate captain to cruise this year; and while he goes, with our good name to gild his commission, plundering and murdering upon the high seas, we will be talking of the enormity, and preparing our warehouses to receive the plunder!

"But," say gentlemen, "this Union has cost too much to be given up." I know it has cost immense sums more than honorable merchandise would have done. We pay the losses of the pirate system, and one-third more. We pay all the expenses of the copartnership. We pay all our own postage, and one-third more. It has cost us too much—far too much to be longer maintained, not only in funds, but in character. It costs us honor, freedom, rights of citizenship, liberty of the press, liberty of speech, truth and righteousness. Slavery is not, as Mr. White has said, the parasite plant of the country. That would be bad enough. The oak sometimes dies in the embrace of the ivy. But Slavery is the Upas of the country; and every wholesome plant dies under its pestilential influences.

It is of no avail that persons talk of reservations and previous declarations, as a salvo to their consciences. No magistrate or officer can, without perjury, administer an oath and induct a man into office in this way.

I have spoke longer than I feel it right, Mr. Chairman, and I will sit down.

Mr. Gove.—The major part of what I have heard thus far, has been on the affirmative side, and therefore I rise to say a few words on the negative; and though what I have to say may not be deemed worthy an Abolitionist, I still wish to have that title accorded to me. I was astonished to hear the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery cause tell us that men argued against the resolution, because they were unwilling to give up what it demanded of them. I believe some men are not aware what they are dealing with, when they take up questions of this description. It is impossible to decide them in the affirmative without becoming practically Non-Resistants, and no-human Government men. Here are men who believe in an internal police, a representative Government, a judiciary and municipal regulations. Are they not guilty of as great a wrong in cleaving down governments as they would be in sustaining it? I do not like abstractions, and I want to know how the advocates of the resolution mean to carry out their principles. How are they to profit by the Post Office? How are they to go on furnishing the General Government with supplies?

It was claimed by one of the speakers, that if our fathers were here at this time, they would be on the side of this resolution. Why, Sir, Washington's last words were a charge to distrust all who were for weakening the Union. Would he sully his breath by becoming their assistant in such a work?

It is said that if we support the Constitution, we do it as our forefathers framed it; we walk in their steps. No, we do not. It has been amended; and still the power rests with the people to amend it further, till it is what we approve.

The case of piracy supposed, is not analogous, for piracy is *all* wrong. Look at the singular change of opinion in the pioneers of the cause, since the time when they claimed Washington and Jefferson as Abolitionists in *principle*, though they were defenders of the Constitution.

One great thing has taken place since that time to open the eyes of the people on the subject of Slavery:—the proposition for the annexation of Texas—and now that 100,000 men are ready to go heart and hand against its continuance, there is no wisdom in coming up and saying, "we are rebels—we are revolutionists,"—just as the matter is to be settled to our wish, in a legal way.

I do not pretend to say that the Constitution is free from the taint of Slavery, though the argument to prove that it is, has great ingenuity and plausibility. But if two-thirds of the people do believe in human government, I see not but they are doing a greater wrong to put it down, than they are to continue it with an admixture of wrong.

Mr. Remond.—The friend who has just sat down, (Mr. Gove,) observes that Washington would have disapproved these resolutions, and considered his fame sullied by their advocacy. I have, then, entirely mistaken his character. Why, if he underwent seven years of toil and danger, when menaced with the *semblance only* of a chain, what would he not have forfeited rather than undergone the reality? What did the colonists undergo, that can be named in comparison with the sufferings of the slaves in this day? and yet our friend, who opposes dissolution, does it on this ground, among others, that the horrible inflictions are to be preferred, by Abolitionists, to no Government at all!—and he wishes to be called an Abolitionist, while he continues to sustain them!—and cites in his defence, the example of Washington, whose first act, on finding that petition against taxation without representation, had been made in vain, was to dissolve the political Union of his times!

We are acting unjustifiably, it is said, in hazarding the blessings of a peaceful Government. But the impressment of a handful of *white* Americans, justifies any extremity! How many mothers gloried in seeing their sons march to Madawasca, for the few acres of pine trees. But when we propose "Immediate Emancipation,—to the Government, and to the South,—when we carry out our principles by immediate action, then it appears that "niggers" are of no consequence, in comparison; and it is not well for Anti-Slavery meetings to meddle with metaphysics! Sir, if it was well for our fathers to lay down the principles of Liberty—if it was well for them to sunder their connection with oppression, for those principles, I humbly opine that we are not to be censured for walking in the path they struck out. I humbly conceive that the principles of Freedom know nothing of color: yet how many mete out principle according to this alone. I will only suppose for a moment the wealthy, the aristocratic, the white men, of any State, or city, to be kidnapped and enslaved. How long would their fellow-citizens and townsmen continue in the bonds of amity and political union, with those who inflicted the wrong?

The consideration of color *does* exercise in this land a most powerful influence over minds utterly unconscious of it. I recollect a very striking illustration of it, which came under my notice when I was last in Maine. On my way to fulfil an appointment that had been made for me, to deliver a lecture on Slavery, I met a man with whom I fell into conversation. Are you going to the meeting? at length I said: "No!" replied he, with decision. "The negroes are better off, and happier as they are, than we, the laboring men of the North." "But," rejoined I, "if your little son and daughter were to be taken from you to-night, by some of your neighbors, and sold for slaves, to a man in Louisiana, what would you do?" "I'd shoot 'em, by God!" was the instantaneous reply that burst from his lips, at the bare idea. And so I think would feel the man who deprecates a dissolution of the Union that it may be cemented anew, and the man of color comprehended in its circle, if suddenly informed that the question was of the freedom and political position of his own family, and not merely of the wretched "*negroes*."

The gentleman who has just taken his seat, may go to Algiers, Turkey, Barbary, I care not whither: he will nowhere find men who are doing so much to eternize Slavery, as the Clays, the Calhouns, the McDuffies, of our own republic: and I think it is a disrespect to the memory of Washington to suppose that, were he *now* among us, and in full view of the workings of the Constitution, he would do what he once did? No, sir! he would be with *us*!

What ground would the gentleman, and others who think with him, have us take with regard to the Constitution? Does it not secure to the slaveholder his slave? Can't I continue to free the Government from *that* debasing alloy, at least, without its being more deeply branded as lacking perfection, than it now is as showing forth all iniquity?

Mr. Amasa Walker said that the blacks might be contented, because they were, by the law of *this* State, eligible to office: but while in the same breath he acknowledges the law of public opinion to be the more powerful, is it anything better than sophistry to present this as a consideration which should prevent our striving for a repeal of the Union? Gentlemen who make these statements must know, that in 13 States of this Union, we are outlawed! Should my father die in Carolina, what would my privileges avail me, (when the Carolina influence is so strong even here, as to make them useless,) should I go thither to pay him the last duties? Sir, I have no assurance that I should even be permitted to assist at the funeral. I should be seized as an unknown vagabond, caught without free papers,—thrown into a loathsome prison; examined, as to whether I were "sound," or "unsound,"—and if unable, (as of course so situated I should be,) to prove my freedom, I must be sold in payment of my expenses. Yet we are *eligible* to office in Massachusetts! Give Amasa Walker, and those gentlemen who argue as he does, my complexion, and they will each of them become more strenuous for dissolution than I have been. [Mr. Remond then adduced many instances of colored men condemned as criminals, or as slaves, without a shadow of evidence, and proceeded as follows.] I can never believe, Mr. President, that the action which is so meritorious in the great body of the people, when taken in behalf of freedom for white men, can be so blameworthy in the man of color and the Abolitionist, when taken in behalf of the principles of *impartial* freedom. If the wrongs of a few white persons would be, as it has ever been asserted to be, a sufficient cause for war, I think the wrongs of millions is cause for dissolution.

Mr. Remond concluded by reading from the Newtown, (Pa.) Journal, an account of the outrages inflicted on a man of color known as "Big Ben," which was copied, at the time it was first published, in the Standard.

Mr. Foster.—The point seems to me not a difficult one. A few distinct questions will help us to determine the character of the Union, and our duty with regard to it. What are the exact circumstances in which we stand? We have got a Government which we have been accustomed to consider as the most important thing in *this* life, at least; and what does it require of us? The basis of it is the Constitution: and what is the Constitution? The rule by which all are to regulate their conduct. Mr. White says it is a *humbug*; yet he advocates an oath to support it. But *is* it a humbug? Is it the fact, that every man who takes this oath, does swear by the living God that it shall be the rule of his conduct? I stand here to brand any man as recreant to humanity, who does it, knowing that it binds him to the support of Slavery. An oath is a most solemn act. Do not you, my friends, who advocate the amendment of the Constitution, swear by the living God to sustain it unaltered, as it is? and does it not require you to uphold the three-fifths basis of representation,—to keep down the uneasy bondmen,—to return the fugitive? (Cries of Yes! Yes!)

Mr. Mellen.—No! No! The man to be returned, is not a slave, but a man of whom labor and service is due. The proposition to return a slave, was not entertained a moment by the Convention that adopted the Constitution. It had to be modified the next day. Whenever a slave has been returned, an unconstitutional act has been performed. We have found that out. Let the South get over it as she can.

Mr. Foster.—Did our fathers know what they meant, or not? The law of '93 confirms their pro-slavery act in the adoption of the Constitution. I ask if any man of common sense will dare to say that they did not intend to permit Slavery? If any such man do assert that they did not, I shall declare that he has not got his eyes rubbed open yet. This idea that neither the United States Government, nor individuals swearing allegiance to it, are bound to support Slavery, was unknown and unheard of, till the Liberty party found out that, while participation in a pro-slavery party for the purpose of reforming it, was a sin, participation in a pro-slavery Government, for the same purpose, was no sin. I once thought I saw a way by which a man might take the oath with exception and protest: I advocated that course a short time, but I soon saw there was no satisfactory and clearly justifiable way, but to repudiate the whole Constitution, so thoroughly is it vitiated by the exceptionable clauses.

The moment I approach a magistrate to take the oath, the conviction is forced upon me, that he cannot administer it *exceptionally*, without being guilty of perjury. He has no authority to allow exceptions: I cannot consent that he should be perjured. After much thought, I find that the only manly, honest, upright course, is to repudiate the whole instrument. Mr. Walker told us, that Massachusetts men will never go to the South to put down insurrections. Then, Sir, they are in the meanest of all positions; for every time they go to the ballot-box, they promise that they will do so; and when the slaveholder, having gone on in iniquity till he can go on no longer, relying upon their promise, calls upon them to fulfill their promise, they reply, "We can't come! it's against our conscience!" "Why did you not tell me so before?" will the slaveholder say; and he will have reason in his question. "If you had but told me I must not look to you, I never should have gone on in my sin. Now you have brought me into this peril, you wrong me to leave me in it." No, no! the man who does not repudiate what is wrong, cannot be a reformer. Amasa Walker told us it mattered not, what we swore to in the Constitution, as the strength of Slavery lay in a corrupt public sentiment. Well! it is our business to correct public sentiment: and is there a possible way to do it, but by an upright, consistent course? We must cast the beam out of our own eye, and not go about with a lie in our right hands, to preach repentance to our neighbors. Let us dissolve all union with Slavery, and public sentiment will soon feel the effect of it. I care not how this question may fare in this meeting, or in any other, as to the vote which may be taken. This I believe and know, that it is a question which will more and more strongly agitate the nation. No person can *now* be an Abolitionist, who shall persist in rejecting it. I say this in full recollection of the fact, that I was sincerely an Abolitionist before the rightfulness, and importance, and necessity of dissolution occurred to me.

Before we, or any one else, saw it, we *could*, to be sure, do something for the cause: but now that the light has come to all, the man who goes for union with slaveholders, will be deluded and overpowered by them. This I do believe; that such a man cannot *now* be an Abolitionist.

Mr. Andrews did not rise for the purpose of debating the question. He apprehended that he understood the general purport of the various views of the different speakers, and he must say, that there was, in his view, no middle ground. He had been at one time much inclined to take the position that the Constitution did guarantee Slavery; but on examining further, he had actually come to opposite conclusions; and he thought gentlemen present might, on overhauling the Constitution, be induced to coincide with him. He had but to cite one instance of incorrect inference proceeding from oversight, in order to show gentlemen the probability that many such might exist. The law of '93, by which the Constitution had been so conclusively settled to be pro-slavery in its character, had been cited, but not examined; and the reading would show that, unless the Constitution were pro-slavery, the law was not; since it was couched in the same terms as the Constitution. There was not one word in the law relating to the slave, unless the Constitution could first be proved to be a guaranty of Slavery. He (Mr. A.) did not look upon this meeting with contempt. He saw here the germ of a revolution; whether bloody or not, he was not prophet enough to determine. The sources of political change are in the opinions of the individual man or woman; and no man who looks forward at all, would regard these as unimportant. They must be simple indeed, with regard to the philosophy of the human mind, who do not see that all national changes originate with individuals. For himself, he could as readily suppose the Mississippi to turn back as the stream of opinion to remount ineffectually to its source. What shape it was to take, or how it was to develope itself, he was unable to foresee. He thought that when the Abolitionists had got rid of the fumes of old interpretations which now blinded them, they would go back and examine the Constitution more fundamentally, and he should like an opportunity to go over the ground with them. He honored their uprightness, and respected their high principle, but he must say that he thought they had missed some of the figures in their calculation.

[The Hutchinson's here sung, "God is Love."]

Mr. Pierpont would, with the permission of the auditory, preface what he was about to say, by a definition of his position with regard to others, who claimed, like himself, the name of abolitionists. He belonged to no Anti-Slavery Society, neither had he a bitter controversy with any. He claimed the right he recognized, of independent thought and action. He was a sort of Anti-Slavery Ishmael, leagued with neither party, but having excellent friends in both.

Feeling himself the depositary of political power, he felt obliged to use it for freedom: and his ground of action was, that a man *might* take office, and swear to support the Constitution, and yet be a thorough-going Abolitionist. He now rose to lay before the auditory the process of reasoning by which he established this position. The principle he started from was the one which had lent added sweetness and power to those strains, so powerful and so sweet, with which our friends who preceded him had smoothed the contending waves of our discussions. "God is love!" was the beginning of their song: and it was also the beginning of his argument. Love is the paramount attribute of Divinity. It is the controlling element to which all the others are subordinate and ministerial. The wisdom of God finds its source in his love: the power of God is but the effect of his love: that love which *de*-mands the welfare of his creatures, *com*-mands all his other attributes to secure the welfare of his creatures. Right must be done, or God's love will not be satisfied in his universe. Whatever is in antagonism with right, is in antagonism with God. This is the essence of all his Commandments: "Righteousness and Judgment are the foundation of his throne:" he, (Mr. P.) had the good word for that. Man is therefore bound by his allegiance to God, the highest obligation under which he can lie, to do right. He can neither himself voluntarily take, nor impose upon another, the obligation to do wrong. If he think to enter into such a compact, it will be in antagonism with the Almighty, and must fall. The will of the subject, while the kingdom stands, must be in subordination to the law of the kingdom. When the will of the Ruler and the will of the Subject come in collision, the latter will, must recede—else God is not God, but man is on the throne. If I promise to do wrong, I promise what God has said shall not be done. His word is the paramount one: mine is nothing. Whether your word or mine, whether it be our single, individual utterance, or whether it come in the shape of the common law of England, or the written law of the United States, still it is nothing, if it be an agreement against good morals, and the welfare of the world. Being such, it can impose no obligation as a law or as a promise. It is of itself, therefore, null and void. For this I have the sure word of the apostle, "Obey God rather than men," and "whether it be right to hearken unto man more than unto God, judge ye!" This is the common law of England. The Judges of her highest Courts have so decided. They have said that a statute of her Imperial Parliament would be void on the grounds I have just laid before you. They did not declare it would be *voidable*, but void. They did not *make* it void by their declaration. God makes such statutes void, and judges do but *say* they are a nullity. Apply this reasoning to the case now before us, and we shall find ourselves not merely justified, but under obligation to sustain the Constitution of the United States.

It is of no consequence to us, viewed in the light of severe logical reasoning, what were the intentions of the framers of the Constitution. Our brother *here* doubts whether the support of Slavery formed any part of their intentions. Our brother *there* denies that it did. Whether it did or did not, we have contemporaneous evidence that the reasoning I have just followed out, had its influence in their minds, and that they did not conceive themselves to be under any *obligations* to support Slavery in consequence of their adoption of the Constitution.

Madison says it was the intention of the Convention to which the first draft of the Constitution was submitted, to make the 3d clause of the 4th article to relate to Slavery. Our brother doubts: but Madison says that on the last hour of the last day of that session, the original word, "legally," was struck out, and the words, as they now stand, "under the laws thereof," substituted, in compliance with the suggestion of those who objected to the word, "legally," as favoring the idea that Slavery could be legal in a moral point of view; thus showing, not only that Slavery was the thing had in contemplation; but also the conviction of the Convention that it could not be legalized.

The error of those who have discussed this question with a view to establish the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, lies in contemplating it as a unit. It is one only as this assembly is one: *E* Pluribus Unum well describes it. It consists of a variety of compacts and stipulations, each independent of the rest; some of which are, and some of which are not, in antagonism with fundamental morality. The nullity goes just as far as the rottenness goes. The Constitution is a congeries of things, part of which are sound, and part unsound, and the unsound ones, the higher law forbids to be counted. Agreeable to this reasoning was the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Prigg, versus Pennsylvania. The Supreme Court decided that the law of '93, so far as the States had been included in its operations, was null and void, because it gave to them an exercise of power *not* given them by the Constitution of the United States. No doubt the framers of that law intended to sustain Slavery: no doubt they intended to exert all the legislative power they possessed, to make the States give up fugitive slaves. But what said the Supreme Court? Why the Supreme Court declared so much of it as *transcended* the Constitution *to be* unconstitutional. It said to the States—"You have not the power to do this. The legal word by which you justify the act, is in antagonism with a *higher law*." I take that same ground with regard to the Constitution of the United States, and that is my argument for its defence. We were told that we must see the intent of the framers of the Constitution, and make their intent the guide of our construction. Sir, I admit their intent:—I admit that they meant to ratify Slavery. But it is not in the power of one man to make, or of others to take an obligation which shall be binding in violation of natural right. The Supreme Court will declare it void *ab initio*: and if the Supreme Court don't know that, it is their *business* to know it, and it is our business to teach them.

The claim of everything man is called on by his fellows to obey, must thus be sought for, stepping backward step by step, to the highest source of all authority—the great anterior statute of righteousness and truth.

A Gentleman.—Mr. Pierpont will allow me to ask if this will not virtually abolish all human governments?

Mr. Pierpont.—I care not for the consequences—is not this the logic?

Gentleman.—I should then call the Constitution of the United States God's law, and claim obedience to it as such.

Mr. Pierpont.—It is, primarily, but I distinguish laws as God's law, and man's law, for the sake of clearness. It is the breath of Heaven, the air that God has made, that makes music through the pipes of yonder organ, arranged as they are by the science with which he has inspired the musician. Yet we may with propriety speak, by way of distinction, of the skill of the organist. What I have said would prove that a violation of the musical law, is not music, but its opposite. A statute in conflict with the rule of right, is not a law, but a nullity. And after it is proved to be *nothing*, I contend that we should not consider it as *something*. *Nothing* is no part of something.

It is said, if we take this ground, who is to decide what is right? I say, let each man find fault with what he thinks wrong, and in the end, all that is wrong will be blotted out. A great deal of the understood force of the Constitution, is the mere creature of legal construction. Twenty-five years hence, the judges of the Supreme Bench will not construe it as their predecessors have done. Judge Story *now* says, "We must go by the paper. "Generation after generation pass to their graves—more and more obscure becomes the memory of their intentions; and if men's *words* have no meaning, then, indeed, is there no law.

I swear to sustain the Constitution of the United States, and I am bound by my oath just so far as it is right, but not one iota farther. If the slaveholder says, "Mr. Pierpont, did you not swear to support the Constitution, and then did you not further the escape of my slave?" "Yes! Yes!" I reply to both his questions. Does he say, then, that I am perjured? No such thing, if fundamental principles and a chain of logic are good for anything. Tell me not that my fathers meant, when they adopted the Constitution, that Slavery should stand! Suppose they did. I have a higher Father than they, over whom years and infirmities have no power.

Mr. Foster.—Will the speaker allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. Pierpont.—Yes.

Mr. Foster.—Is not the Constitution the rule of duty of every officer of the United States?

Mr. Pierpont.—He swears to support it as *I* have explained it: as a code of fundamental laws.

Mr. Rogers.—Would the magistrate swear you into office on your individual understanding of it? He's only a ministerial officer. He can't inquire into your private opinions of what it means, or register your exceptions to its obligations. If I cannot, as a Non-Resistant, take an oath of office, but on this private understanding with myself, am I justified in saying to my constituents, when the time comes for me to take the command of the State troops in their defence, and I refuse to do it,—am I justified in saying, at that late hour, "Gentlemen, I've done all that I agreed to?"

Mr. Pierpont.—Perfectly, and righteously, too.

Mr. Rogers.—General Jackson was right, then, when he "took the responsibility?"

Mr. Pierpont.—Perfectly right: But you don't carry the idea on to the close. When I take the responsibility of acting, according to my own understanding of my agreement, you have your remedy, if it differs from yours. Impeach me. I've supported the Constitution of the United States, as I understand it, and I stand ready to submit myself to the decision of the powers that be.

A Gentleman.—Is this catechism in order?

Mr. Pierpont.—Perfectly.

Mr. Foster.—The Constitution being a series of covenants and agreements, can it not all be rendered null and void, when any portion of it is violated?

Mr. Quincy.—Who is the judge of what is, and what is not binding in the Constitution?

Mr. Pierpont.—Each man.

Mr. Quincy.—This seems the true no-governmentism. Is not the Supreme Court the Constitutional expositor?

Mr. Pierpont.—It is just as inefficient as the Constitution to make wrong legal. God is over all; and no tribunal is of force sufficient to build up walls between man and the Almighty.

Mr. Burleigh.—Does not my friend Pierpont believe that the pro-slavery party understand the Anti-Slavery party as being bound, by the adoption of the Constitution, to sustain Slavery? Did not the North know that the South understood that to be so?

Mr. Pierpont.—If the South understood it so, it was in its ignorance, and it is time to enlighten it. But the Southern men knew better than to think men could be thus bound. They knew that they were working a traverse, and they cannot take advantage of their own wrong.

Mr. Burleigh.—Admit that the South have no right to claim the fulfilment of the contract; is not the North guilty of immorality in making it?

Mr. Bradburn.—I wish to ask whether Mr. Pierpont would feel at liberty, if elected to the Presidency——

Mr. Pierpont.—"Heavens forfend!" pray don't start such an idea. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Bradburn.—I ask if Mr. Pierpont would justify the taking of such an oath as the President must take, by any one knowing how it is universally understood.

Mr. Burleigh.—I understood my friend Pierpont, as approving of the course of that President who acted as if there were but two beings in the universe, Andrew Jackson and the Almighty.

Mr. Pierpont.—Just there am I willing to stand. God never brings a man into any situation where he must not act upon his own individual sense of right and responsibility to God. I say in all seriousness, in reply to the question how I could take this oath, that a law in anticipation of a wrongful construction is no law.

Mr. Quincy.—Do you deem it morally right for a man to promise to do a thing he does not mean to do?

Mr. Pierpont,—I cannot make my brethren here understand that a nullity is nothing.

A Gentleman.—What is the use of a court, if a man's own sense of right and wrong is to be the rule?

Mr. Pierpont.—That is another question.

Mr. Quincy.—Suppose I read to you a written contract to enter into my service, to dust my coat and to brush my boots, and to commit murder. Would it be wrong for you to enter into such a contract with me?

Mr. Pierpont.—It would be wrong in me to promise to do the wrong, but if it were presented me as a general contract, comprehending right things and wrong, I have already said that my entering into it is not an obligation to do the wrong.

Mr. Quincy.—Suppose the murder to be the main thing in which I need your services, with specifications in the contract, as to the particulars of its being committed?

Mr. Pierpont.—I do not allow this to be a parallel case. [The sun had now reached a gallery window that commanded the platform, and streamed full in the speaker's face.] If we have been hitherto in the dark, there's altogether too much light now. (Laughter and applause.)—My friend Quincy asks if I would promise to obey his orders, some of them being right and some wrong. I say, yes; I will make a general promise of obedience, reserving to myself the right of decision upon the character of his orders, and, in like manner, I swear allegiance to the Union.

A Gentleman.—Would there be any union upon such terms? Such a course virtually dissolves it.

Mr. Pierpont.—I am not to promise for consequences. I am only to provide logic.

A Gentleman.—I must pronounce it unfair to treat the South as Mr. Pierpont proposes to do. They don't know to what heights the moral views of their fellow-citizens may rise. Thousands suppose the North legally bound by the adoption of the Constitution, to sustain Slavery.

Mr. Pierpont.—They are bound to know better, by the law written on every man's heart.

Mr. Clapp.—A murder and a benevolent act have both been performed, and a contract to do both is brought into court, signed by you and several others, in proof of your guilt, and that the use of your name enabled your associates to commit murder. What will it avail you to say, Please your honor I never promised to commit that murder, though I did bind myself by the contract as a whole; and therefore I am to be discharged as innocent.

Mr. Pierpont.—If the court believe what I say, that forms a perfect defence. Supposing I become bail for a man, I may choose whether I will say to him, "clear out—I'll pay the penalty," or not. When, unfortunately, I shall become President of the United States, (laughter and applause,) I take it that I may choose whether I will fulfill its duties as the slaveholder may define them, or suffer the penalty of acting upon my own understanding of them.

Mr. Bradburn.—May not that be considered as acting deceitfully by the slaveholder?

Mr. Pierpont.—He knows his construction is wrong. They all know it is wrong, and, therefore, null and void.

Mr. Quincy.—May not the slaveholder justify himself in this very way in all the outrages he has committed against the Constitution,—denial of the freedom of the press—the contempt of the right of petition. The admission of Texas? *He* understands these acts to be the exercise of rights, and not the commission of wrongs. He claims that the acknowledgment of their justice is written on our hearts, for that they promote the welfare of the whole. Is not this justification of his breach of contract as perfect as the one we have just heard?

Mr. Pierpont.—If John Tyler does really in his soul believe that it is the most benificial thing for the world to bring Texas into the Union, he must bring it in. He must do what he thinks duty and meet the consequences. Any more *catechise*?

[Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Quincy.—I am entirely satisfied.

Mr. Pierpont, (with gaiety.)—"Improvement."—[Laughter and applause.] *Mr. Pierpont then proceeded with solemnity.* In whatever position you are placed in the pilgrimage of life, regard yourself as responsible to God, and not to man; and take the course you in your heart think right. From the sighing of the oppressed, and from the prayer of the needy turn thou not away.—Let no law, Ecclesiastical or civil, overshadow in your mind the law of the living God. In defence of that, stand ready to be martyrs. When the church had men willing to be martyrs, it was a church worth being martyred for. Whatever situation you may be called to fulfill, preform its duties as to the Lord. Let one President be impeached for a refusal to construe the Constitution in favor of Slavery, and the days of its continuance are done. The effect would be felt like an earthquake through all the land. Such examples in places of less dignity would not be lost. The land will heave beneath them as they multiply, as the tossed ocean of the Methodist church now heaves with the conflict about the deposing of their Bishop. Every struggle will be the prelude of victory; and I exhort every man to stand in his lot and thankfully bide the brunt of the encounter.

JUDGE LYNCH IN WEST CHESTER.

On Saturday last, a black man residing in West Chester, was induced by a companion to walk down to the colored people's church, opposite Everhart's Grove. When there, a number of colored men rushed upon him from an ambush, took him into the woods, and lashing him to a tree, beat the poor fellow most unmercifully with whips of various kinds. Their excuse for their inhuman conduct, was, that the object of their cruelty had informed upon runaway slaves. Those who have been so often the victims of Lynch law themselves, should be the very last to follow so infamous an example.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

An Outrage.—A correspondent of the Cincinnato Herald states that recently in Brown county, a horrible outrage was perpetrated on the person of Mordecai Johnson, a respectable colored resident of that county, by a gang of kidnappers from Kentucky, who were in pursuit of a runaway.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1844.

Take Notice.—There is a paper published in this city, called the New-York Standard, and letters and papers intended for us, often get miscarried to that office. Our friends and correspondents will please be sure and direct to us, as the *Anti-Slavery* Standard.

THE CUNARD STEAM PACKETS.—PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

We ask attention to the following statement:

The mercantile house of William F. Weld & Co. of Boston, a highly respectable firm in business relations with various parts of the world, and among the rest with the island of Hayti, were recently called upon to perform the usual offices of friendship and hospitality for one of their Haytien correspondents, on a visit to this country. They attempted to find a lodging for him at the Tremont House, and sundry of the city Hotels. In vain. He was, though a highly educated gentleman, rejected because he was colored. Apartments were sought for in lodging houses of so much respectability in the eyes of the inhabitants of the city as to secure the advantages of a respectable address. Attempt was made at twenty places, in vain.

The friends of this gentleman wished to give him the opportunity of seeing something of Boston in its mercantile aspects, and took him to dine at the table of the Merchant's Exchange. They were refused a seat there. This being the vulgarity of mind in the city of Boston, the Haytien gentleman was, of course, desirous to quit it.—Application was made to the agent of the Cunard line of British Steam-packets, Samuel S. Lewis, Esq. for a passage. He was refused a passage in the Cabin when his color was ascertained. Mr. Lewis was reminded of the return of C. Lenox Remond from England, by one of the same line of packets. He could not at first think that any but *white* men had been accommodated by this line of British Government packets. On inquiry, however, finding it to be the fact that Mr. Remond had actually been a cabin-passenger, Mr. Lewis stated that he had not been allowed to come to the table, and that the regulations of the steamers in this respect, might not be infringed upon. The Haytien gentleman might, however, take another class of accomodations, on payment of $50 more than usual, and with the understanding that he was not to come to the table.

It has not been understood that Mr. Lewis had, individually, any objections, but that he was influenced by the fact that one single passenger was no object to the line; while the reception of colored passengers would create great loss and confusion, and indeed would not be permitted by the Southern gentlemen.

It is with great pain that an American is obliged to admit the low state of civilization, the lack of knowledge of the world, and the servility to the slave-power, to say nothing of the utter absence of Christianity, which these facts indicate in the "Athens of the republic."

☞ *It is to be hoped that the moral power of British Anti-Slavery opinion will be brought to bear upon this matter as it ought.*—c.

THE TRUE TEST.

Every person who has entered the Anti-Slavery ranks, with an honest and sincere mind, has found that by that act he placed himself by the side of the American slave and the free man of color. Whatever may have been his position in society, as soon as he took up the cross of this reform, he found that his caste was with the Pariahs of the land. The true Abolitionist has ever been treated like a slave. He has no rights in his Anti-Slavery capacity, in the eye of Church or of State. Whoever is disposed to maltreat or rob him, as an Abolitionist, can do so without molestation. He is regarded, instinctively, by whatever is pro-slavery, and vile, as identified with the slaves, and, of course, receives at their hands the treatment of a slave. And this is the unequivocal test of the genuineness of his Anti-Slavery character; the true seal of his apostleship. The American people hate the slave and free man of color because they have injured them, and their instinct is unerring in fixing upon those who are the true friends of the objects of their aversion.

The whole history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise is a succession of proofs of the truth of the proposition.—Every city, and almost every village, in the free States has furnished forth its proportion of evidence. Everywhere have the Abolitionists been mobbed, hunted, insulted, their mouths stopped, their presses broken, their houses sacked, their halls burnt, and in some cases their lives taken. And who was ever punished by the law for any of these outrages? What Abolitionist was ever insane enough to prosecute any one who had injured him in person, property or character, as an Abolitionist, and to seek reparation in the courts of justice? Who was hanged for shooting Lovejoy? Who was sent to the Penitentiary for firing Pennsylvania Hall? What damages would Garrison have recovered had he sued any of "the five thousand gentlemen of property and standing," who dragged him about the streets of Boston, and were scarcely prevented from putting him to death.* We all feel how hopeless it would have been to have attempted to have justice done in these and the like cases. The people felt that the Abolitionists were under the ban of the empire, were outlaws and excommunicates, and fair game for any and all to fly at.

And so when the men who had entered the cause in its day of small things, but who found the cross they had taken up heavier than they could bear, began to devise how they could get rid of it, with their change of heart came a change of feeling towards their sometime companions. These men, and they who had entered the cause for the livelihoods they hoped to make out of it, also treated the true Abolitionists as masters treat their slaves. And they not only did so, but made no secret of it. The slaveholders themselves are not more impudent in their assertion of a property in whatever their slaves can produce, than were these men in their claim to OWNERSHIP in whatever the Abolitionists placed in confiding trust in their hands. The American Anti-Slavery Society had placed in the hands of the old Executive Committee, during the three years preceding the year 1840, after

* While I think of it, I will tell a piece of the private history of that celebrated day. A gentleman once told me that he was a spectator of the proceedings of the mob, and saw a number of truckmen (draymen) taking part in it,—for the mob was not entirely composed of "gentlemen in fine broadcloth." Addressing one of these men, he said, "Do you know, my friend, that you are a great fool for your pains in this business? If any mischief is done to this man, and anybody gets into trouble about it, you may be sure that it will not be these fine gentlemen, who are egging you on. It will be you, or such as you, that will have to take the hanging, or to hammer stone in the State's prison for it." The man saw the truth of the suggestion, at once, and, taking a body of his athletic companions, rescued Mr. Garrison, and finally succeeded in lodging him in the county jail for safety.

they were dismissed in disgrace from its service, a sum not much short of A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. A considerable portion of this had been invested in the support of the Emancipator, and the purchase of a stock of books and other property. All this property they transferred, virtually, to themselves, when they saw that their disgrace was inevitable, and Mr. Leavitt, with an assurance that is truly admirable, says, in their defence, "IN SELLING THE EMANCIPATOR, AND IN ASSIGNING THE OTHER PROPERTY TO TRUSTEES, THEY (THE COMMITTEE) ACTED AS OWNERS!" A committee consisting of broken merchants, stipendiary dependents on the Society, a few fourth-rate city clergymen, and one or two colored men, (I say this not invidiously, but only to show what proportion they could have contributed to this great sum) who probably had not contributed altogether fifty dollars during the three years to the treasury of the Society while they drew thousands and thousands from it for their salaries and expenses, received from the free hearts and hands of their constituents a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which forthwith, according to Mr. Leavitt, became THEIR OWN! And truly they used it as if it were their own. This is the only defence, that Mr. Leavitt, who has ever since derived his support from the Emancipator thus obtained, has ever condescended to make. And the immaculate "Liberty" Party, "*the party of purity*," accept him and his print as their expositor and organ! The airs of superior virtue which this faction puts on in presence of the other two, who, whatever they may have done, have certainly never dirtied their fingers with such a transaction as this, is almost too much for human risibility to endure. It puts one in mind of the toss of the head and roll of the eyes of Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Speggs, (I love to give the whole name) in the Vicar of Wakefield, when she exclaims, "virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" And, perhaps, no commentary more concise or expressive could be made in the one case than that uttered in the other by Mr. Barchell—"Fudge!"

And so at almost every meeting of the American Society and its auxiliaries, some of the men have been sure to intrude themselves, though they had renounced them as no Anti-Slavery Societies, and as meetings in which they could not conscientiously participate, for the purpose of either making a personal display before the crowded audiences, or of making mischief, or "making capital" for the faction which is the residuary legatee of New Organization. For several years at the Annual meeting in New-York, a prominent colored man, who went off with the New Organization, and was identified with it as long as it had any existence, has consumed much valuable time on specious pretexts, with the obvious design of inducing the colored people to believe that the American Society is unfriendly to their interests. At almost every meeting, more or less of the clergymen, and others who left the Anti-Slavery movement, because they thought it wicked to assist at a meeting where a woman was allowed to speak, make their appearance and endeavor to impede the business, or to provide food for slander and misrepresentation, and this, notwithstanding the fatal presence of women on the floor. And not satisfied with this, those men have endeavored to take the control of the meetings into their own hands, to hiss and hoot down the members of the American Society, and to set at defiance the authorities of our meetings. At the very last anniversary at New-York, after the impudent intrusion of Mr. Denison upon the order of the meeting, and after he had been listened to with perfect courtesy to the end of his speech, though well known to be one of the most malignant and treacherous of the enemies of the Society, when Mr. Burleigh had obtained the floor, an attempt was made by the confederates of Mr. Denison to hiss him down on the platform of his own society, before he had began to speak. It was stated at the New England Convention, by Mr. Foster, that one of the most prominent of these was the Rev. Dr. William A. Brisbane, who had volunteered a prayer at the opening of the meeting;—which, however, he has since virtually retracted in a letter to the Emancipator. At the New England Convention, too, among numerous other instances, a Third Party man, one Innis, of Salem, insisted upon speaking, when a member of the Convention had the floor, in spite of the interference of the Chairman, and set all the rules of order at defiance in a style of extraordinary assurance and effrontery. Now it is altogether probable that these men are not entirely insensible to the proprieties and decencies of life in ordinary cases, or to the courtesy that is due to meetings of which they are not members. These same persons would not go into a Whig, or a Democratic, or a Methodist, or an Episcopal meeting, and conduct in this manner. And this not altogether from the instinctive consciousness that they would be thrown out of the window, or kicked down stairs if they did. They would perceive the impropriety, probably, of insulting and trampling upon bodies which have recognized rights. The Abolitionists, they know, have no such rights, and the more they can molest and insult them, the more they will be esteemed by their political and religious public. They instinctively feel that these men are the fellows of the slave, and may receive with impunity a slave's treatment.

Now these things are provoking enough, no doubt. It is not agreeable to be stripped of our property, to have our time consumed by our enemies, to have our meetings interrupted by impudent mobocrats, and all the rules of common honesty, simple decency, and good manners discarded as not applicable to us. But we possess our souls in patience—for even so have they treated the slaves before us. All this is but proof that we are what we profess to be,—the true, unselfish, friends of the slave. It is only by becoming as the slave that we can expect to raise him to the platform of humanity. These are all testimonials to the genuineness of our character,—to the soundness of our philosophy. These are slight, though vexatious, trials, but they should strengthen and encourage us. They have a meaning which is not intended or seen by those who subject us to them. They show, that, thus far, our Anti-Slavery character has stood the test and is confessed, however undesignedly, of all men to be true and genuine.—Q

MEETING AT NORRISTOWN.

The Eastern Pennsylvania Society holds its annual meeting at Norristown, on Monday next, and will continue in session that and the two following days. It is needless, perhaps, to urge all to be present, who can, though it be by considerable sacrifice. But men are so apt to remember that each man counts but one, and so apt to forget that units makes tens, and tens make hundreds, that I cannot refrain from reminding them in this connection, of this arithmetical rule. "Take care of the pennies," says the old adage, "and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Each meeting seems, and very naturally, more important than that which preceded it. We look always back upon obstacles met and overcome, and forward upon new and higher points to be reached, and it may be, fresh obstacles to be encountered and conquered. Each meeting then not only seems, but is more important than that which went before it, for each brings us nearer complete success or complete failure, as certainly as that Time advances.

A crisis is even now here. From that moment when it was first proclaimed that *Slavery is a sin, and should be immediately abolished*, up to the present, we have been, while we were still doing our Anti-Slavery work, settling the principles upon which it was to be done. This, indeed, has been our work, and it has been done only so far forth as we have done this. Well has it been for us—well is it for all men—that we see not at the first glance into how wide a field of duty, an acknowledged duty will lead us, lest we shrink appalled at the prospect before us. The first principle of Anti-Slavery has been applied to our various relations, to political parties and churches, as we have found each arrayed against us, and in support of the giant system of wrong and oppression, for the overthrow of which we have pledged our every effort. We have reached at length a point from which we may survey the whole field of duty, and with a clear vision see the promised land. It may be,—no doubt we shall, be called to new sacrifices. No doubt that many who have laid upon the altar very much that was precious, shall yet be called to make offerings of still greater value. Many who have broken easily the bonds that bound them to their sects and parties, and have with no hesitation, and with stern, unflinching courage, proclaimed, in every relation of life, their adhesion to the slave's cause, have to endure a harder trial yet. We have to abjure the Constitution of our country, and the bond of union of these States, which from infancy we have been taught to look upon with a reverence which should hardly be given to anything of man's making. But here is the crisis we have reached. Here is the stand-point of duty—as many believe,—whence we may see clearly the "beginning of the end" of our mission. If it be so, then is now the accepted time, and on our action now, for good or for evil hangs the destiny of millions for many years to come.

And this is no idle word, said in the spirit of a partisan: no vain boast inviting opposition; no attempt to force the views of any particular class upon the attention of others, but the simple assertion of a plain and important fact. The question of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS" is the natural and necessary growth of the Anti-Slavery cause, and the proof of its progress. It has not originated in minds of a particular character, but is a conviction which has grown simultaneously in those of different and opposite modes of thought. He who first proclaimed it, only made the *first proclamation*, and as is the case always, found an answer in many who were longing for the word to be spoken, and hailed it as the truth. That it should be spoken was a necessity, and not a choice, as much so as the cause itself. It could not be avoided—it cannot be staved off. Men are asking everywhere, "what is my duty in this matter?" and the question must and will be answered, whether we will or no.

I know nothing of the state of public sentiment on this point in Pennsylvania. I know nothing of the arrangements for the ensuing meeting. But I know that wherever Abolitionists now gather together, this question must needs be discussed. Others, no doubt, of great moment, will receive attention, but this can scarcely help taking precedence, as it is the latest form of Anti-Slavery, and of the last importance. Let none fail to be present, if it is within the range of possibility; and let all come in singleness of purpose, seeking the light which shall guide us, in the one path or the other, to conduct aright the cause on which hangs the destiny, not of one race only, but of all races, and in which is involved the truths which God has given to men a new continent wherein to struggle for and to live.

Messrs. Garrison, Douglas, and Remond, are to be present at this meeting.—G.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

As the Government won't give us cheap postage, the people have determined to have it, in spite of the Government. The United States Courts have decided, in several instances, that individuals have the right to carry private mails, and the consequence is, that Expresses are now run for this purpose on most of the principal mail routes. The public are indebted to the American Mail Company for the decision of this important question, as that company bore the heavy expense of the first prosecutions, and with commendable zeal and determination, so conducted their operations as to make it necessary that the question of the rights of private carriers should be settled, while at the same time their own arrangements were being perfected for the double purpose of their own aggrandizement, and the public convenience. And both purposes will be fully answered. The increase of the number of letters written, will, even at the low rates of postage, no doubt, make the business a safe investment, and it is a very great convenience to be able to send now three or four letters for the same money for which, by the United States mail, you can send but one; It is a satisfaction, too, to know that what we pay, is for our own letters, and that we are not taxed at the North, by this new system, half a million of dollars *per annum*, as we some years have been by the old, to support mail routes at the South, for the convenience of a few slaveholders, whose "peculiar institution" denies the art of letters to almost all the people about them, and renders it impossible that there should be population enough to pay for the support of post-routes.

Our friends everywhere, where the new post-offices are established, will remember that they can send their letters cheaply, safely, and quickly, by the American Company, and that those who are conscientious on that point, can free themselves from one of the charges made against us,—that we support Slavery by paying postage.

CELEBRATION AT HINGHAM.

We have no room this week for any account of this meeting, and no time to prepare it in season, were there room, as the celebration did not take place till Friday, in consequence of the unpleasant weather, the day before. Next week's paper shall contain somewhat in relation to it, though I will make no promise of a glowing description of the scene, or of a fitting account of the various adventures of the day. Those who were not there to see, must look to other chroniclers, than me, for anything like a vivid picture of the day.

SWEARING.

The Richmond Whig has a letter from a correspondent in Tennessee, which says Polk "swears equal to John Tyler,"—or, we suppose, equal to Henry Clay, himself. Birney is the only man of the four that "fears an oath."—*Emancipator*.

In *justice* to Mr. Birney, it should be understood that the "oath" referred to here, is of the kind that Uncle Toby swore, and on which "the Recording Angel dropped a tear, and blotted it out forever;" and not the "oath" to return the wretched fugitive, or to call out, and command, in person, if necessary, the hostile troops of the Republic when a portion of the people, whom Slavery has goaded almost to madness, shall assert their rights by an appeal to arms. From all manner of cant, religious and political, good Lord deliver us!

MORAL SUASION.—The Emperor of Russia sent £500 to purchase a ticket of admission to the ball for the benefit of the Polish refugees. The managers, with that self-respect which is so rare,—with that true respect for their purpose which is so seldom found after the glare of place and power has been directed towards it for the *purpose* of absorbing it,—sent back the money.

NOTICE.

It is not impossible that mistakes may still occur in mailing the Standard from this office, and when they do, I earnestly request that immediate notice may be given me, by the Postmaster at the office where they should be sent. Our friends will have patience with me for any delinquencies of this kind, remembering that it is difficult, immediately and perfectly, to accustom ourselves to duties, of which we have heretofore had no experience. No complaints have yet been made, and I trust there will be no necessity for them, but should there be, let them be made promptly.

All the errors of the past, whether in the accounts, or in the mailing of the papers, are being corrected, as fast as they are made known to me.

I will thank all persons to whom papers have been heretofore sent gratuitously, by request of some of the agents, in the hope that such persons would ultimately become subscribers, to give immediate notice if they wish the Standard sent to them, on the terms which they will find at the head of the first page.

To delinquent subscribers of long standing, I would announce that a Black List is about to be opened, on which I wish to place as few names as possible, and the owners of these, I trust, will take immediate measures to have them erased.

Those who are in arrears for the last year, I would invite to a speedy settlement, and urge others from whom nothing is due for the past, to send in their subscriptions for the ensuing year.

And finally, I would urge most strongly upon the attention of the friends everywhere, the duty of taking some effective measures whereby the circulation of the Standard may be increased. Let Agents be appointed by local Societies to canvass Town and School Districts, and let every member of the American Society, and its auxiliaries, deem it a peculiar duty to do something to put the organ of the Society into the hands of their neighbors. S. H. GAY.

TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.

Will all the Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, now in the field—all the General Agents of auxiliary State Societies—and all the friends, whether lecturers or not, give to us, *as often as they can*, whatever of general interest may occur during their labors, or in their neighborhoods? We shall be glad to devote a column or two each week, to such communications, that we may make the paper more useful to them by this exchange of "experiences," more interesting to all the readers, and of more effectual service to the cause.

Anti-Slavery Intelligence.

A COLORED LAWYER.—Mr. Macon B. Allen, of Portland, (and formerly of Boston, Mass.) colored, whose application for admission to the Bar in April last, under the new act, was, as we stated in our paper at the time, refused on the ground that the applicant was not a citizen of Maine in the contemplation of said act, subsequently applied *under the old law* to be admitted by examination. He was thereupon called before the examiners, a committee of the Cumberland Bar, and sustained a satisfactory examination—the committee recommending him to the Court as a fit candidate—and accordingly he was yesterday admitted, in the District Court, to practice as an Attorney and Counsellor at Law in the Courts of this State. [*Portland (Me.) Adv. July 4.*

An examination of a colored man, named Thompson, says the Lancaster Union, was heard before Judge Grosh and Shaffner, on Saturday last. Thomas has been living about Columbia and Marietta for several years past, and was arrested as a fugitive slave, by a man from Carrol County, Maryland, of the name of Winters, who, as it appeared, had bought him, or some other negro, "on the wing," that is, he was to give so much for him if he could catch him, and nothing if he could not.

After a patient hearing, the Judge decided that Thomas be set at liberty, the evidence not being sufficient to remand him into Slavery.

ABDUCTION.—The Pensacola Gazette of the 29th June, complains of the abduction of seven negroes a few days previous. A New England man, by the name of Walker, is suspected.

RENUNCIATION OF A MINISTER.—The Easton (Md.) Gazette of Saturday contains a letter from the Rev. M. Hazel, in which he renounces his connection, as a member and minister, with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He assigns, as a principle reason for so doing, his disapprobation of the exciting proceedings in the late General Conference.

Six thousand Prussians have purchased a tract of land in Texas. Their example may prove *Prussic acid* to slave labor in the Republic.—*Baltimore Saturday Visiter.*

"Herkimer Freemen," is the title of a new Liberty Party paper, just started at Little Falls, by O. A. Bowe.

SLAVE SET FREE.—On Friday, in the Supreme Court, on habeas corpus, a boy answering to the name of "John," or "George," was set at liberty by Chief Justice Shaw. The history of his liberation is briefly this: He was put by his owner on board the brig Carib, Captain Potterfield, master, at New Orleans, bound for Trinidad de Cuba. Captain P. was not allowed to land him by the authorities of that port, and having freight for Boston, he came here with his brig with the boy on board. The boy was therefore not a fugitive slave, being brought here by the voluntary act of his master's agent. The fact that he was on board became known to some members of the Abolition party on Tuesday, and they got out a writ of habeas corpus, under the direction of J. P. Bishop, Esq. The boy has a mother and father in New Orleans, but he preferred to remain here free from the bonds of Slavery, to returning to his owner.—*Boston Post.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

Fifteen days later from London.

The steam packet Caledonia, Captain Lott, arrived at the wharf in East Boston, on Thursday, at a quarter past 12 o'clock, in the short passage of twelve days and sixteen hours. She brought 93 passengers from Liverpool, and 10 from Halifax, leaving ten at the latter place.

Our London dates are to the evening of the 18th of July, and Liverpool to the 19th, both inclusive, with the latest commercial letters from England and the Continent.

The State Trials.—The argument of the writ of error was brought to a close on the 10th of July, having commenced on the 8th. The Lord Chancellor then propounded a series of questions to be answered by the Judges, who requested time to consider them.

QUESTIONS PROPOUNDED FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE JUDGES.

1. Are all, or any, and if any, which of the counts in the indictment is bad in law, so that, if such count or counts stood alone in the indictment, no judgment against the defendants could properly be entered upon them?

2. Is there any, and if any, what defect in the finding of the jury upon the trial of the said indictment, and in entering of such finding?

3. Is there any sufficient ground for reversing the indictment, by means of any defect in the indictment, or of the finding, or entering of the findings of the jury upon the said indictment?

4. Is there any sufficient ground to reverse the judgment by reason of the matters stated in the pleas in abatement, or any of them, or in the judgment upon such pleas?

5. Is there any sufficient ground for reversing the judgment on account of the continuing the trial in the vacation, or of the order of the Court for that purpose?

6. Is there any sufficient ground for reversing the judgment, on account of the judgment of the Court overruling and disallowing the challenge to the array, or any or either of them; or of the matters stated in such challenge?

7. Is there sufficient ground to reverse the judgment by reason of any defect in the entry of continuances from the said trial to the 15th day of April, regard being also had to the appearances of the defendants on the said last named day?

8. Is there any sufficient ground to reverse, or vary the judgment on account of the sentences, or any, or either of them, passed on the respective defendants, regard being had particularly to the recognizances required, and to the period of imprisonment dependent on the entering into such recognizances?

9. Is there any sufficient ground to reverse the judgment on account of the judgments in the assignments of error *coram nobis*, or any, or either of them, or of the matters stated in such assignments of error, or any, or either of them?

10. Is there any sufficient ground for reversing the judgment by reason of its not containing any entry as to the verdicts of acquittal?

11. In an indictment consisting of counts A, B, C, where the verdict is guilty of all, generally, and the counts A B are good, and the count C is bad, the judgment being, that the defendants, for the offences aforesaid, be fined and imprisoned, which judgment would be sufficient, in point of law, if confined expressly to counts A and B, can such judgment be reversed, on writ of error? Will it make any difference whether the punishment be discretionary, as above suggested, or a punishment fixed by law?

IRELAND.

The decision has not yet been had on O'Connell's appeal to the House of Lords, on the writ of error.

The present military force in Ireland amounts to 26,000 men, independent of enrolled Chelsea out-pensioners, and armed police.

It is calculated that the O'Connell tribute this year will reach £30,000.

FRANCE.

Our accounts this morning from the provinces are very disastrous. In many parts the corn crops have been laid beyond the hope of recovery by the heavy rains, and the fruit is rottening on the trees for want of sun to ripen it. As to Paris, nothing can be worse than the weather that we have, and disease is very prevalent. There are more pulmonary cases than in the depth of winter.

SPAIN.

By a decree, issued at Barcelona, on the 4th of July, the Queen dissolved the Cortes, the new Cortes to meet on the 10th of October. Another decree restores the fueros of the Basque provinces.

Active preparations were going on for the war with Morocco, the Emperor having rejected the proffered meditation of Great Britain.

GREECE.

There seem to have been two or three ill-arranged attempts at revolution in this country, but their failure was immediate and signal. The first was got up by a palicar, or petty chief, named Grivas, but he had committed no other overt act than that of gathering round him some armed followers, with what object was not very clearly known. The second is thus described in a letter from Athens, dated June 25:—

Whatever may have been the designs of Grivas, they have been effectually checked; but the manner in which General Zavellas executed the commission assigned to him has produced most unexpected consequences. His instructions were to arrest Grivas upon charges of breach of discipline and insurrection, and to conduct him to Athens.

Upon arrival at Lepanto, however, it seems he thought proper to act upon his own view of the case. Instead of taking measures to arrest Grivas, he consented to receive him on board the French steam-frigate Papin, without placing him in arrest. And in this manner, armed as a palicar, with sabre and pistols in his belt, he did arrive at the Piræus. When he found that the Government disavowed the conduct of Zavellas, and determined to arrest him, he refused to land, and claimed the protection of the French flag. Upon this a long discussion arose, and it was finally arranged that he should be transferred from the Papin to the French corvette Diligente, and follow the direction of that vessel until the decision of the French Government should be received.

This arrangement was carried into effect, the Diligente sailed, and the insurgent chieftain is now on his way to the coast of Syria. In the mean time Zavellas had thought proper to address a most intemperate letter to the Minister of War, in justification of his conduct, and he published this letter in the *Age* newspaper. He then sent in his resignation to the King of his office of royal aide-de-camp. His Majesty refused to receive the resignation, but immediately dismissed him. Taking advantage of these circumstances, the anarchical party resolved to try the effect of an *emeute* here on Sunday last, for the purpose of intimidating the King, and compelling him to dismiss the ministry. The royal band plays every Sunday in an open space outside the town, and large numbers are usually attracted there, and the King and Queen generally attend. The plan of the conspirators was to crown Zavellas there, and then to surround the royal carriages shouting, "Long live the King! Down with the ministry!" and not to withdraw until he should consent to form a new ministry.

The Government, having been informed of this design, recommended the King not to go to the music, and took its measures accordingly. The conspirators, disappointed at the non-appearance of the Court, marched in a body, as soon as the music broke up, toward the palace, followed by nearly all who had been assembled. They were met near the palace by an officer and a small party of gendarmes, who in vain endeavored to persuade them to disperse quietly. The crowd was every moment increasing, when a troop of cavalry came up at a hand gallop, and began to ply the flat sides of their sabres upon the backs of the crowd, when the rioters and curious fled in every direction, some not thinking themselves in safety until they got half way up Mount Lycabetus. Tranquility was instantly restored; but it was soon seen that some of the soldiers had not been content with belaboring the backs of the crowd, but had most unfortunately used the edge of their sabres, and had killed two persons, and severely wounded about a dozen more.

GERMANY.

Riots in the Manufacturing Districts.—The riots which took place in the early part of June in Silesia have been followed by others in Prague; and commissions are setting in both districts to explore the real causes of these excesses. From the various accounts from those districts these causes are pretty plainly excessive lowness of the price of labor, and to a great extent utter want of work. For a long period the distress among the hand-loom linen weavers has been dreadful. This has now extended itself to the cotton spinners, and the description of the appearance of these work people—the formerly simple, peaceful and industrious, and happy inhabitants of the Sylesian valleys, is heartrending.

Pale, consumptive, weak-eyed men, languidly gliding down from the mountains, staff in hand, clad in their blue linen jackets, and bearing wearily the bundle of linen to their masters, which they have woven at eighteen-pence the 120 ells! is the picture of the linen weavers. That of the cotton spinners is worse, because it is more morally revolting. Before Christmas some disturbances took place—the distress has gone on increasing.

They attributed all their miseries to the introduction of machinery, and accordingly against that they turned their fury. Collecting in a mass of more than a thousand, they marched with a white curtain torn down from the window, and hoisted on a pole as a banner, and to the singing of a song which had long been sung through all the districts to express their injuries, into the populous manufacturing villages of Peterswaldau and Langenbielau, where they attacked the chief factories, those of Messrs. Zwanziger, Hilbert and Andritzky and Dierig.—Attempts were made to turn away their fury by the distribution of money, but in most cases, in vain. The fury of the rioters was terific. Windows, roofs, machinery, furniture, all met with one common destruction.

The stores of yarn, indigo, manufactured goods, spindles, &c., were all carried out and flung into the mill streams. During four and twenty hours that it required to get an order from Breslau for the employment of military, this work of demolition and plunder went on. The soldiers, on their arrival, fired on the mob, and killed thirteen on the spot, besides wounding many others. The rioters then fled to the hills and woods, whence the soldiers hunted them out. Upwards of a hundred were conveyed to the prison at Schweidnitz. The Prince Adalbert of Prussia, hastened to Breslau to ascertain the real facts of the case.

There, also, the mob manifested a disposition to the same excesses; broke the street lamps, and the windows of houses, and of the Reformed Church. No sooner did the news arrive in Prague than the cotton-spinners also assembled on the 17th and 18th of June, and demolished the machinery of the factories, to which they attributed the lowness of the wages and their consequent miseries. All these excesses, except those at Peterswaldau, have been attended without loss of life.

AUSTRIA.

The Swabian Mercury, June 28, contains a letter from Vienna, which says:—It is said that the change of tariff determined on, in favor of a free trade with foreign countries, is to be put in force on November 1, of the present year. Eighteen articles will, it is said, undergo a reduction in the entrance dues. Coffee, among the rest, which at present pays some twenty-one florins the quintal, will be admitted at twelve florins. But the duty on refined sugar will be augmented. Raw cotton is to enter freely. Foreign linens will pay twelve florins in place of fifteen. Watches are to be admitted, on payment of a florin each.

NOVA SCOTIA.

We have received from our correspondent, Halifax papers to the 1st instant.

On Saturday last the following preamble and resolution passed the House of Assembly:

Whereas information has been obtained, that her Majesty's Government has been solicited to transmit the mails by the Cunard line of steamers, direct to Boston or New-York, instead of to Halifax, as heretofore; which will be prejudicial to this and the neighboring provinces;

Resolved, That His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, be respectfully requested to submit to this House any information which he may possess on this subject, and to direct proper application to be made to Vice Admiral Sir Charles Adam, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Royal Navy, on this station, for any information which he may feel warranted in laying before this House, for its guidance on this important subject.

The answer to this was, that the Lieutenant Governor had received no information, and that the Admiral was absent from home.

Some of the Halifax papers express fears that the line of steamers will be ordered to run direct, either to New-York or Boston.

General Items.

Death of Dr. Grant.—Letters received at the Missionary Rooms in Boston, bring the melancholy intelligence that Dr. Grant, the intrepid and devoted missionary of the American Board, died at Mosul, of typhus fever, April 24th, 1844.—*Observer.*

Senator McDuffie.—Mr. McDuffie has reconsidered his resolution to resign his seat in the Senate of the United States. He will retain it until the close of the next session.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Heavy Business.—The Capital Stock of the Methodist Book Concern at New-York, amounts to $692,468.22. Books sold during the last four years amout to $516,177.12. Amount of debts due to the concern $271,413,20. For the Christian Advocate alone there is due $42,000,00.—*Exchange Paper.*

Progress of Temperance.—Edward C. Delavan, Esq. The Temperance Reformer, is building a new Temperance Hotel at Albany, expected to cost $100,000. The Croton Hotel of this city has been enlarged by its enterprising proprietor.

The amount collected in this country in aid of the Free Church of Scotland, during May, amounted to $7,025.91. Amount previously received, $30,843.92. Total, $37,869.83.

Southern Convention.—The Richmond Enquirer objects to the proposed Southern Convention, unless it is changed to a Convention of *all* the States which are favorable to a speedy annexation of Texas, and unless all design to disturb the peace and perpetuity of the Union is unequivocally disclaimed. These changes, the Enquirer says, must be made, before the proposition can be adequately considered.

Our Country under par.—At the conclusion of a "Polk and Texas" meeting that was held in a certain city not a thousand miles distant from this, a few evenings since, *three* cheers were given for "Polk and Dallas," and NINE for *Texas!* When the noise had subsided, a gentleman rose and addressed the chairman very gravely as follows: "Mr. President, *if in order*, I beg most respectfully to propose ONE *cheer* for OUR OWN COUNTRY!"

"A Whig!" "a Whig!" "out of order!" shouted the crowd. The chairman decided the motion *out of order*, and—we left.—*Detroit Daily Avertiser.*

Cool.—A pocket-book was recently lost in the Bowery, which the owners next day advertised, offering ten dollars for the return of the property. In the course of the day they received the following note:

NEW-YORK, June 18th, 1844.

GENTS. I am the happy finder of a pocket-book lost in the Bowery yesterday, containing fifty dollars, for which a reward of ten dollars is offered in the New-York Sun of this morning. Being in want of money, I have concluded to appropriate the fifty dollars to my own use, and return you the book. Should any compunctions of conscience visit me hereafter, I may return the money; but for the present I can use it profitably. God forgive me.

THADEUS.

Definition of a Bully.—An Exchange paper—Whig—in complaining of the abuse of the Democrats of the Whig Candidates, says:—"They sneer at Mr. Frelinghuysen as a *puritan*, and call Mr. Clay a bully, *because the one is President of a Bible Society, and the other* HAS FOR YEARS BEEN A MEMBER OF A BAPTIST CHURCH. (!!!)

South Carolina and Texas.—General Quattlebum, Brigadier of the Charleston Brigade of South Carolina Militia, has been reviewing and addressing his brigade on the importance of Texas to the South and her Institutions, until the Charleston Mercury states that they are all zealous for Texas or Disunion as the alternative. The 43d Regiment has

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the annexation of Texas, to our country is a matter of paramount importance to the Southern and Southwestern States of this Confederacy, and *that it would be more for the interest of these States that they should stand out of the Union, with Texas, than in it without her.*

This is the tone of the Texans at the South.

A colored man named Edward Mitchel, found guilty in Philadelphia Court of Quarter Sessions on Monday, of knocking down a city watchman, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. If equal severity were practised here without regard to standing or color, we might hope for a diminution of the most dreadful of ready practises.

Equality.—There have been *seventy-seven* Presidents *pro tem.* of the United States Senate—and out of that number *sixty-one* have been selected from Senators of the Slave States, representing *less than a third* of the population, including slaves! while *sixteen* have been selected from the Senators of the *free States*—representing *more than two-thirds* of the whole population.—*North. Gazette.*

Died.

In Quincy, Massachusetts, July 21, MARCIA W. BRAMHALL, aged 51 years, a diligent and devoted friend of the Anti-Slavery cause for many years, and one whose loss will be deeply felt by all who knew her.

In Taunton, Mass. DANIEL BREWER. The cause never looked to him for aid in vain.

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Dear friends and fellow laborers.—With hopeful hearts, we have commenced our preparations for our next annual fair, resolved that it shall be greatly superior to that of the last year. For the accomplishment of this purpose, we are dependent upon you. Will you not give us ample proof that we have not relied upon you in vain? You cannot need that we should offer you incentives to increased diligence and zeal in our common cause. The image of the suffering slave is vividly before your mental vision; and were you in any danger of forgetting the sad living picture, it would be frequently revived by some new odious manifestation of the slave power, or by the presence of the fugitive, crossing, in the haste of terror, your brighter path.

Nor need we present to you arguments in favor of this method of advancing our cause. You are aware that our fairs have been a source of great pecuniary profit, as the reports of the treasurer of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society show. The principal part of the profit derived from them have passed into the treasury of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, of which you are members. In asking your assistance, then, we are but asking you to aid our common cause, through the agencies which you have constituted. You have nobly responded to our calls, in other years. Have you not commenced our second decade with renewed ardor and increased self-sacrifice? Will you not evince it by immediately beginning, with us, preparations for the fair of 1844? Labor, each according to your ability or inclination, to let each do something. All marketable commodities, useful or ornamental, will be gratefully received. If our contributors will send, with their manufactures, a statement of the cost of the materials of each, the committee estimating the labor expended on them, will be careful to prevent any article from being sold at a price below its value. A very large part of the articles sold, yield a *fair profit*. If any of our friends in the country, will come and superintend the sale of their articles, they will be most welcome, and their aid truly valuable.

We are sorry to say that our poultry stall was not as well furnished as usual last year. Will not abolitionists who are preparing produce for their own tables or the market, remember, and give us a practical proof that they remember the physically and spiritually starved slave? Give to him, as God hath given to you, freely, abundantly.

We advise all who intend to work in this department, (and what abolitionist in Eastern Pennsylvania does not) so begin at once to do something, and enlist the sympathies and efforts of as many others as possible.

We are sure, dear friends, that none of us will regret having done too much, but we may regret having done too little for the emancipation of two and a half millions of slaves.

On behalf of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.

Susan Dorsey,	*Rebecca Stackhouse,*
Gertude H. Burleigh,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Harriet Snyder,	*Mary Shaw,*
Margaret Griscom,	*Sarah Dorsey*
Sarah M. Douglass,	*Margaret Jones,*
Harriet D. Purvis,	*Margaretta Forten,*
Hetty Burr,	*Esther Reckless,*
Mary T. Stickney,	*Jannetta Jackson,*
Martha T. Carman,	*Elizabeth Carman,*
Mary Earle,	*Lydia Gillingham,*
Sidney Ann Lewis,	*Hannah Lee Stickney,*
Sarah Lewis,	*Susan Greve,*
Susan Shaw.	

PHILADELPHIA, April 23d, 1844.

THE ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

This annual effort for the sustentation of the anti-slavery cause, will be made in Amory Hall, Boston, commencing on Tuesday, December 24th, 1844. By its means it is, that the debts of the cause, last year, were discharged; so that it is, at this moment, free to put its unencumbered strength, in the prosecution of THE HUNDRED CONVENTIONS, through the medium of which, this appeal reaches you. If you wish slavery to cease, you cannot more effectually aid in its extinction, than by upholding this Fair. The experience of ten years enables the women of Massachusetts to present it to you as an effectual channel, through which your sympathy may unite with that of others, to swell the flood of effort by which high principle shall be diffused, and right feeling excited, till the horrible institution of slavery shall be swept away.

None of the funds raised by means of this Fair are ever permitted to run to waste in building up a political party, or in defraying electioneering expenses. They are used to promulgate, through the press, and by the living voice, the truths of freedom, which convert men's hearts to the cause. We give a guaranty for the economical and judicious disposal of them, by providing for their expenditure by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Without going back for years, to recapitulate former help, the beneficial consequences of which are in perpetual glow, we will simply state that the proceeds of this last year's Fair were TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, exclusive of many small appropriations, and the necessary expenses; and that, lacking the prospect of this aid, neither the Hundred Western Conventions, nor the Hundred Conventions now in progress through Massachusetts would have been undertaken. The influence of the cause might be increased ten-fold, by means of that aid from the commonwealth generally, which it is disposed, if the way were open, to afford. A few words of suggestion may open this way. Permit us to make them for the cause's sake.

First. We entreat whomsoever this sheet reaches, instantly to announce an intention of aiding the ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, and to form, if possible, a little circle for weekly anti-slavery effort through the year. Gain all the aid possible, but *wait for no one else.* Whoever begins will be the nucleus round which much help will gather at length.

Second. To remember that there is nothing useful or ornamental—no mechanical, agricultural, or manufacturing product—nothing either to eat, drink, or wear—no work of taste or art, for household use or decoration—but will (so perfect have our arrangements at length become) be made as available to the cause as its worth in money.

Third. To correspond with us for the purpose of benefiting us by your suggestions, and receiving the aid of ours. For it may often be in the power of all the friends of the cause, mutually to aid each other by the interchange of materials and labor, and by furnishing the newest patterns of articles of dress, or models of articles of furniture.

There surely needs no searching argument or eloquent appeal to commend the cause of freedom and humanity to professed republicans and Christians. All see and feel that it is a good and noble thing to spring to the relief and rescue of one human being undergoing wrong, or peril, or suffering. But here are will-nigh THREE MILLIONS, undergoing all the suffering, wrong, and peril of SLAVERY, that incarnation of all that is dreadful to the sons and daughters of Massachusetts, while all that universal man holds dear and holy is endangered by the existence of such a blighting institution. Righteous principle dies out—good feeling is extinguished—our country is endangered—our character as a people dishonored; and will not you, who admire a single act of devotedness, though done but for a single human being, be true to your own moral nature, and gladly give time, labor, money, prayer, sacrifice, that so you may save a nation—redeem a race—ennoble an age?

Let us hear from you speedily, and consider us your servants for the cause's sake,

M. W. Chapman,	*Ann T. G. Phillips,*
Mary G. Chapman,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza L. Follen,	*Olivia Bowditch,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Hellen E. Garrison,	*Lavinia Hilton,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Thankful Southwick,*
Henrietta Sargent,	*Maria White,*
Frances Mary Robbins,	*Louisa Loring,*
Hannah Tufts,	*Catherine Sargent,*
M. A. W. Johnson,	*Caroline Weston,*
Anna R. Philbrick,	*Mary Young,*
Harriet B. Jackson,	*Mary F. Rogers,*
Louisa M. Sewall,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Abby Southwick,	*Mary Willey,*
Marian Fuller,	*Ann R. Bramhall.*

BOSTON, February 8, 1844.

ANTI SLAVERY FAIR.

Abolitionists of Rhode Island—Dear Friends:—

The members of the Providence Ladies Anti-Slavery Society feeling that the times demand on their part, and on the part of abolitionists generally, more energetic and decisive action, have determined to hold a FAIR in this city, on the first Wednesday (Commencement day) of September, 1844.

As to the design of this Fair, little need be said to incite exertion on your part. Three millions of American citizens are in slavery: we wish to aid in their speedy and unconditional emancipation. What effort can be more praiseworthy in its purpose? What object more glorious in its accomplishment? It is an effort in behalf of Freedom. The time has been when the mention of a design like this would

Poetry.

From the Liberty Bell.

LINES,

Written on hearing the remark of a friend, that a large number of Abolitionists had died during the preceding year.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Too true thy words! a glorious band have faded from our side;
With aching hearts we vainly muse on them, the good and tried.
Mid scenes of joyous hope or trust their forms before us rise;
Their shadowy presence graces our souls in hours of sacrifice.
Is our path bright? we mourn that they its beauty should not share;
Is the way dark? we would not fear, were they but with us there.
But while in fervent grief we weep above each lowly grave,
May we like them the weak protect, from wrong the helpless save.
Their pure devotion, earnest faith, and love of human kind,
Within our inmost souls let these an answering echo find;
And should the hour of peril come, and Freedom's friends turn pale,
The memory of the faithful dead shall prove as triple mail.
But does yon world, the far, the unknown, bestow no thought on ours?
Do not fond memories of us yet linger in those bowers?
Ah! yes, "a cloud of witnesses" are bending round us now,
With life immortal on each lip, and glory round each brow.
The bitter scorn, the weary toil on earth so meekly borne,
Have cast no shadows o'er the face whose absence here we mourn.
And as our onward path we tread, too oft perplexed and slow,
With what an earnest watchfulness they mark the path we go;
And when, despite the assailing world, we rally for the slave,
And in his cause its sharpest darts with calm endurance brave,
And when in all of human kind a brother's face we see,
Whate'er his color, creed, or clime,—whate'er his destiny,
Oh does not then an answer come in thrilling tones of power,
Vouchsafing commune to our souls, even in an earthly hour,
And whispering to our inmost hearts, "below we meet no more,"
But in the spirit-world thy soul even unto ours may soar;
And not one holy wish or thought that rises in thy heart,
But meets its kindred in our souls, of which it forms a part.

GODIVA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that great Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve;"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His mighty limbs in anger, and his hair,
Like smoke about him. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear,
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove to me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart, as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs!
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bad him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

PAIN IN PLEASURE.

A thought lay like a flower upon mine heart,
And drew around it other thoughts, like bees
For multitude and thirst and sweetnesses,—
Whereat rejoicing, I desired the art
Of the Greek whistler, who to wharf and mart,
Could lure the insect-swarms from orange trees,
That I might hive with me such thoughts, and please
My soul so always. Foolish counterpart
Of a weak man's vain wishes:—While I spoke,
The thought I called "a flower," grew nettle rough—
The thoughts called "bees," stung me to festering!
O, enterprise (my heart cried as it woke)
Your rest and gladdest thoughts but long enough,
And they will all prove sad enough to sting.

Miscellany.

EXTRACTS FROM ABBY'S JOURNAL.

[A work which is helping to form the public opinion of Europe, respecting the United States, but which the allies of Slavery have forbidden the truly patriotic American to read, by interfering, to prevent its republication.]

That the destruction of human life in the South, whether from insufficient food, a pestilential climate, or severe labor, is so great as to keep up a constant demand from without, may be inferred from a statement in the "New Orleans Argus," of September, 1830. In order to show that the cost of raising sugar is greater in Louisiana than in Cuba, the writer says that a slave in the latter requires little or no clothing, and is fed on a trifle; whereas his food and clothing in the former, cost $50 per annum. He then adds: "the loss by death in bringing slaves from a Northern climate, which our planters are under the necessity of doing, is not less than 25 per cent." If this estimate be correct, how can it be with truth asserted that the slaves are happy and well treated? If it is not correct, what credit is to be given to any evidence from the same quarter? Why should the planter spare his cattle, when the difference between the cost of rearing, and of importing, will more than cover the loss from "wear and tear." Humanity has no place on the creditor side of his ledger. He will find it some day, on the other. While Louisiana turns smuggler, Virginia is seeking new markets. "Perhaps," says a citizen of the Cotton State, in a note to the American Quarterly Review, (September, 1832,) "one of the greatest blessings, (if it could be reconciled to our consciences,) which could be conferred on the Southern parts of the Union, would arise from the total abolition of the African Slave-Trade, and the opening of the West Indian and South American markets to our slaves. We do not believe that the deportation to any other quarter, or in any other way, can ever effect the slightest diminution." What a horrible suggestion! As for the scheme lessening the numbers, he who recommends it must well know it would have a contrary effect. They would be *exported* on one side, because the trade was profitable; and the profit would be a bonus on production. They would be *imported*, on the other, because the price of the foreign article would be less than that of the home-grown; and the difference would be a bonus upon overworking. Hence, destruction of life in the latter case, would be at once the effect and the cause of its increase in the former. What a detestable circle of crime and cruelty! Is it possible, that a system thus opposed to the best feelings of our nature, and destructive of those principles on which the wealth and welfare of nations depend, can much longer continue?

Nothing can be imagined more perfect, than the political mechanism of this republican confederation; whether you look at the complexity of its structure, or the simplicity of its action, each body moves in its own orbit, with periodical changes adapted to its magnitude and condition; and all revolve together round their common centre, without confusion or collision. The federal form seems to secure the best check to the personal and social infirmities of man. In his individual capacity, he is amenable to the State; in his collective, to the General Government. An analogous development is given to his good qualities: and the same virtues which, when separately exercised, might have created discord and bloodshed, produce, in conjunction, peace and harmony. Such is the aspect presented by a distant and general view. Upon a closer inspection, however, you discover a principle that menaces the system with destruction or dissolution: you see the unequal division of light and liberty between the North and the South; and approaching separation casts her gloomy shadow before your eyes. You turn from the prospect with the bitterest feelings of regret and disappointment.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

There is perhaps no country in the world the press is less marked by independence of principle and integrity of purpose than in the United States. *Sumit aut ponit arbitrio popularis aurœ.* The editors cannot afford to keep a conscience, amid the struggles of party warfare, the sneers of opponents and the solicitation of subscribers. Like the "condottieri" and "conducti," of ancient and modern Italy, their joy and their sorrow belong to those who hear them, and their hostility or their sympathy is paid for.

If I am not misinformed, a joint stock fund in the South takes off 500 copies of the Courier and Enquirer. (The cost of each, per annum, being $10.00.) These are distributed among the hotels and places of public resort. Hence, that candid specimen of "the people's best instructor," is an advocate for Slavery.

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

Account of the Introduction of the Manufacture of Porcelain, in France, by Bernard Palissy.

Palissy was born in some village, the name of which is unknown, in the diocese of Agen, about the year 1500; he followed the humble calling of a land-surveyor, to which, as he advanced in years, he added that of painting on glass.

At that period, the art of Porcelain-making was unknown. The discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii has enabled us to determine the progress made by the ancients in the arts of pottery; and in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the only manufactory of crockery which could pretend to the name of Porcelain, was at Faenza, in Italy, whither it is said to have been transported from China, by certain Venetian merchants. From this manufactory was derived the name of *faience*, or *fayence*, still used in France.

It happened that, in a visit to Agen, Palissy, the painter on glass, obtained a sight of a specimen of Faenza, or of Oriental Porcelain, which inspired him with the hope of discovering some sort of white enamel, by which earthen-ware might be encrusted; and from that moment, he devoted fifteen years of his life to the pursuit of this single object. It appears a simple method, to have proceeded at once to Faenza, and become a workman in the famous pottery. But means for so long a journey, were, probably, wanting to the poor village geometer, and he accordingly gave to the enterprise all that was in his *power*, every moment of his days, and every faculty of his mind.

As a painter on glass, the art of fixing and mixing colors was well known to him; but the difficulty of transferring these to pottery-ware, and covering them by a transparent silicious varnish, seems to have baffled his most persevering endeavors. Scarcely able to provide for the maintenance of his wife and family, he had the greatest difficulty in procuring colors and pottery to effect his experiments. Half his time was lost in grinding and pounding materials, and the vain attempt to construct the necessary ovens: at length he contrived to interest the owner of a pottery, who undertook to bake for his experimental pieces; but partly from ignorance, partly from ill-will, the attempt was inexpertly made; and, ruined in fortune, health and spirits, at the close of twelve years of incessant labor, Palissy was compelled, by the wants of his family, to abandon his pursuit, and resume his more thriving calling as an engineer. Having obtained from the district a commission for the draining of certain salt marshes, he executed his task with credit and profit. No sooner, however, had he obtained the means of continuing his attempts, than he returned with greater diligence than ever to his enameling, and despatched the new samples of his skill to be baked in the furnace of a glass-house.

And now, for the first time, the composition he had invented, proved fusible. Out of *three hundred* specimens of various experiments submitted, at the same time, to the action of the furnace, a single one presented, on cooling, a hard, white, vitreous, brilliant surface; and the joy of poor Palissy, in the discovery, may be easily conceived.

"I was, however, at that time of my life, so simple," says he, in his narrative of his experiments, "that the moment I had hit upon the real enamel, I set about making the pottery-ware to which it was to be applied; and, after losing eight months in the task, I had next to construct a furnace similar to those of the glass-houses, in which it was to be baked. No one can conceive the trouble it cost me, for I had to do all by the single labor of my hands—to sift the mortar, and even to draw the water with which it was to be mixed. I had not so much as the help of a single man in fetching the bricks: my own back bore all!

"My first baking prospered pretty well; but when it came to the second, after the enamel had been spread over the pottery, I was unable to produce the heat necessary for the fusion. Six days and nights did I remain feeding and watching the furnace, half distracted, and almost stupefied by the intense heat, and my own bitter disappointment. At last it occurred to me that the composition contained an insufficient proportion of the substance which had produced fusion in the former instance; and I accordingly set about grinding and pounding, though still obliged to keep up the fire of the oven, so that I had treble labor on my hands.

"The former pieces being now spoiled, I was forced to go out and purchase new pots, to be covered by the fresh composition; and, on my return, I had the misery of discovering that my stock of wood was exhausted! What was to be done? I rushed into my garden, and tore up the trellises; and those being insufficient, was obliged to sacrifice the dressers, stools, tables, and boarding of my house! All these were successively thrust into the furnace, in the hope of melting the enamel!"

The reader will probably recall to mind the account given by Benvenuto Cellini, in his memoirs, of having contributed all his pewter dishes and household utensils to the metal prepared for his noble statue of Perseus, which proved slow and difficult of fusion. But the Italian protégé of princes makes a vaunt of *his* sacrifice, whereas the meek Palissy couches his statement in the terms of a confession.

"Scorched by the heat of the furnace," says he, "and reduced to a skeleton by the perspiration arising from this prodigious heat, I had now a new vexation in store for me. My family having indiscreetly circulated the report of my taking up and burning the flooring of my house, I was considered insane by my neighbors, and my precarious credit totally destroyed. If I had then died, I should have left behind me the name of a madman, who had ruined his family by a frantic speculation. But though sick and dispirited, I cheered myself with the certainty that the discovery of which I had been so long in pursuit, was effected; and that, henceforward, I had only to persevere in my labors. The difficulty of maintaining my family for five or six months longer, till a satisfactory result could be obtained, was the first consideration; but in order to hasten the period, I hired a potter to assist me in my work, furnishing him with models and materials.

"A cruel drawback it was, that I was unable to maintain this man in my dismantled home, for I was forced to run up a bill for his board at a neighboring tavern. Nay, when at the end of six months he had made me the various articles of crockery, according to my designs, so that nothing remained to be done but to cover them with my enamel, and submit them to the furnace; being forced to dismiss my workman, I had no means of paying him his wages, except by giving him my clothes, which I accordingly did; and my person was now as thoroughly dismantled as my house!"

All the rest of his labor poor Palissy had to encounter alone, though his hands were so cut and bruised with his work, that he was obliged, he says, to eat his pottage as well as he could, with his hands wrapped in linen rags. The hand-mill, in which he ground his materials, required the power of two strong men to work it, yet he was wholly without assistance. Nor were his disappointments yet at an end. After having, with infinite pains, and at considerable cost, constructed a new oven, it turned out that the mortar he had used was full of flints, probably the refuse of his materials; and when the furnace was heated, the flints flew, and attached themselves to his pottery, so that it was completely spoiled.

"On passing the hand over my vases," says he, "little fragments of flint were perceptible, which cut like a razor. I instantly determined to break them up, rather than sell them in a deteriorated state for what they would fetch, which might have injured the reputation of my discovery. But no sooner had I done so, than I was beset by the maledictions of my starving family, and the mockery of my neighbors, who treated me as a madman, for not having realized a few crowns by my damaged goods."

Nevertheless, the man of genius toiled resolutely on!—Satisfied of the strength that was in him, and of the importance of his discovery, he went to work again, with an injured credit and constitution, an object of hatred to some, and contempt to others. From the exhausting nature of his labors, his arms and legs became like sticks, so that, according to his own brief description, there was nothing to keep up his garters, and his stockings came upon his heels as he walked, till he was the picture of wretchedness and destitution. Between the action of the prodigious heat of his furnace, and the influence of the rain and frost on his ill-constructed works, the place was frequently unroofed, compelling him to borrow the materials for its reparation. But this was not always to be accomplished; and he tells us that he often remained watching his oven through the winter nights, exposed to wind and weather, with the owls hooting on one side, and the dogs howling on the other.

"Wet to the skin with the beating in of the heavy rains, and groping about in the dark, for want of a candle, I have often retired to rest at midnight, or even at daybreak," says he, "looking like some drunken wretch who had been rolling in a gutter. But the worst I had to suffer, was from the accusations of my neighbors, who had assisted me, and who now regarded me as a robber; and the reproaches of my family, who treated me as a selfish lunatic."

This is but a faint outline of the miseries and fatigues sustained by poor Bernard Palissy, in bringing to perfection an art which has proved so highly beneficial to his own, and other countries. The furnaces and ovens of his invention are still in use at Sèvres, and have been closely copied in our own, and other porcelain works. The moulds in which the vases are baked, to secure them from accident, were devised by Palissy, after his unlucky loss from the flying of the flints; and his recipes for the mixing of colors are still patent.

The porcelain of Palissy soon attained a prodigious reputation, and few museums, or collections of objects, of *virtù*, in our own time, but contain specimens of his works, under the name of Raphael-ware, or China of the middle ages. The embossed dishes exhibiting reptiles and animals, in great perfection, were the invention of Palissy; and several of his dishes and vases present copies after celebrated pictures, executed in relief. Table services, to replace the wooden and pewter vessels then in use, were the chief objects to which he devoted his art; and with so much taste and skill, that many of the original designs exhibit the genius of a first-rate sculptor.

The fame of this discovery extended rapidly through France, and orders were given him by all the nobles of the court of Henri II.; among others, by the Duc de Montmorency, who employed him to decorate his stately chateau of Ecouin. One of the chambers was paved with tiles of Palissy's porcelain, which still remain perfect, unless where the design has been destroyed by the introduction of one of those huge ungraceful N's, which, during the empire, were made to disfigure all the ancient public edifices of France.

From the Tribune.

JOE SMITH, THE MORMON PROPHET.

BY A SUCKER.

Joe Smith is dead and gone. He was one of the most remarkable men of the age. The time for writing his history has not arrived. Men who have known him long and well, differ in their estimate of his character; the future historian alone can reconcile the contradictory statements of his friends and enemies, and place him in his true position. The personal manners of every man make him friends or enemies, regardless of his principles and of his conduct. This remark is clearly illustrated in the case of Smith. He was a man of rough exterior and coarse manners; thousands who approached him were so completely disgusted at once by his manners, that they refused to look at the good he claimed to have done. But notwithstanding this, he was a remarkable man, and has left the impress of his genius upon the age in which he lived; he has carved out for himself a title to a page in the history of his country, and his name will be remembered, for good or for evil, when the names of half the ephemeral Statesmen of the age will be forgotten.

Born in the very humblest walks of life, reared in poverty and obscurity, without education, without intelligence, accustomed for years to rude and severe labor, rough even to the hour of his death in his deportment, coarse, vulgar, low, he has succeeded in establishing a RELIGIOUS CREED, which has been proclaimed throughout America and Europe, in the Barbary States of Africa, along the banks of the Nile, amid the ruins of ancient Jerusalem, and in the Courtly Halls of the modern capitol of the Russian Empire. The Creed which he has established, and which in the last few years has made rapid progress throughout the civilized world, will continue to flourish, until millions of converts will stake their eternal destiny upon its truth.

He has founded a city upon one of the most beautiful spots in the whole Western World, where he has gathered together more than twenty thousand inhabitants, from every part of the earth, of every nation, tongue, and kindred; he has planned one of the most magnificent architectural specimens of the age, and reared to the height of forty feet, a *Temple*, which, when completed, will be at once the most beautiful, the most costly, and the most noble building in America. Its walls are of solid stone, four feet in thickness, supported by thirty lofty pillars, whose huge size and strength will endure as long as time will last. That building is a monument which will never decay, and the name of its founder will never be forgotten. Who can gainsay that Smith was a remarkable man? He ruled by the force of his genius. Like Bonaparte, he could control and command his fellow-men. The *secret* of his power is unknown, but the fact that he lived in the full enjoyment of unbounded influence up to the hour of his death, is indisputable. For the last few years he had acquired property rapidly, and whenever he travelled he used an expensive equipage. He was a pretended prophet of God, and a tavern-keeper! He labored for the *souls* of men gratuitously; he supplied their temporal necessities for dollars and cents.

In his personal appearance, I have said, Joe was rough; he was a remarkably stout and athletic man; he loved to wrestle, and gloried in his ability to "floor" the strongest man in his community. In his deportment he was either gay or angry, sometimes imprecating curses upon those who had displeased him. He was an arbitrary man, and loved power. He claimed for his Municipal Court such unbounded power as no Court ever yet exercised, and, under shelter of such claim, he committed acts alike destructive of law and order. He was also ambitious and vain, and it was this last trait that involved him in all his difficulties, and finally consummated his ruin. If he had not been intent on the exercise of his power, and determined to gratify his vanity as well as to glut his revenge, he would, in all probability, have been alive at this hour. But his vanity prompted him to disregard the threats of his enemies, and to persevere in the execution of his own plans, when he ought to have conciliated and yielded. It was his great fault to persevere in all his plans, even when prudence and circumstances demanded a different course. He has been accused of many crimes; of adultery, forgery, counterfeiting, and of an attempt to murder Governor Boggs, of Missouri. That he availed himself of the power which he wielded, to gratify his sensual appetite, I have no doubt; he was a man of strong passions, and his education had not taught him to control or suppress his desires; but that he ever engaged in the other acts wherewith he stood charged, I seriously doubt. The men who would have sworn it—the men who murdered him—would not have stopped at the commission of a less crime, to gratify their hatred and their revenge. They had resolved on his destruction, but they feared to encounter him, when he had the ability to defend himself. He was a man of genuine courage, and would have fought to the last moment of life. He was pursued by a band of three hundred infuriated demons, and cruelly shot down like a wild beast, while confined in a small room where he could not escape. It was a glorious exit for him. Whatever there was of evil in his heart will be forgotten in the recollection of his death. He will be eulogized by his disciples, and worshipped as a God. Time and distance will embellish his life with new and rare virtues, and more than earthly power; his doctrines will flourish, his influence will extend to ages yet unborn, and future generations will celebrate his birth and death by public festivals, public prayers, and an unlimited devotion.

LEWISTOWN, (Ill.) July 10, 1844. H. M.

From the Boston Courier.

O'CONNELL'S PRISON.

A VISIT TO THE STATE PRISONERS.—It used to be proverbially easy to get into a gaol, and hard to get out; but at Richmond, the case is reversed. I had to wait an hour at the gate for admission; while, it is said, the prisoners need only ask leave to turn out to obtain it. If *Asmodeus* had shown his companion a prison from which the convicts *would not* go out, while all the world was knocking at the door in a frenzy to get in, it would have thrown all his other wonders in the shade. But we live in the era of monster facts.

I met the great man in the garden, walking with his gifted daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimon, and followed by a brigade of her sons, as manly and gallant-looking boys as I ever beheld. Famous timber they will make for soldiers and sailors, when Ireland has a volunteer army and navy. O'Connell never looked more like a chieftain—his step was as elastic, and his look as buoyant, as at Mallow. The Richmond Defiance—where he defies them to show a solitary advantage they have gained by the prosecution—was beaming from his face. I never saw anybody look less like a beaten man, or more like a conqueror.

I was most anxious to hear of his health and habits; for a sedentary life would inevitably ruin the constitution of a man who has done more work, "to his own hand," than any man in Europe. Both go on as they ought.

He rises in the morning about seven o'clock, and walks an hour in the garden; hears mass at eight, and breakfasts at nine. From ten to twelve, he usually devotes to his papers and letters, and the mid-day of all the visiting days is fully occupied with his friends. He dines with the other "Conspirators" at five o'clock, and gives the evening to exercise and reflection, or to reading. A disappointed politician would beat himself, in spirit, against his bars; the political philosopher is as calm, and as happy, and as playful, as if he were reigning an Irish Prince at Darrynane.

While I walked about the gardens he was waited upon by a Catholic Bishop from a distant colony of England, an Independent Minister from Munster, a Stipendiary Magistrate, a Presbyterian Deputation from Banbridge, the Mayor of Cork, a poor Christian brother, who stole a day from his generous labors to see the "Liberator," a Birmingham Merchant, and an Artist from Belgium, who came to the country to make an historical picture of the imprisonment. "Thinks I to myself," the Brewsters and Tom Smiths made a mistake when they reckoned upon snuffing out a star of this magnitude with their patent penny snuffers.

Gray was the first of the prisoners I met, and he chaperoned me to their "Lions." If I might "tell the secrets of the prison-house," it would seem that they have confounded all geography, and annihilated time and space, "to make seven convicts happy."

Talking of the appearance and spirits of the "Conspirators," I observed that they did not look much like men in jail. "No," said Gray, "it is impossible to imprison men who are never less alone than when alone. A trained mind is as busy in a dungeon as in a theatre, and a well-balanced one as happy. One wet day, during which we were confined to the house as closely as if we were locked in chains, I saw Steele scratching a rough outline of the Valley of the Liffey upon the wall, to convince Barrett and Ray that it transcended the Vale of the Downs; while John O'Connell was as completely abstracted in his studies as if he were in Darrynane Cottage; and I laughed at the notion of punishing them by confinement. If you buried these men in dungeons, one of them would draw mathematical problems on the flags with his Repeal button, and the other, I dare say, tally off statistical calculations by the links of his chains. No, friend, there is no prison for mind."

"But," I observed, "those grim walls, and ugly bars—they must interfere with your meditations. It would require more poetry than is usually met in a political committee to clothe them with imaginary roses and evergreens. Confess that *they* spoil your zest for retirement."

"If I do," replied Gray, "I will be deceiving you. I am convinced O'Connell's feelings here, are very much akin to what they would be if he were living in a palace voted to him by the nation. He forgets all restrictions as completely as if they did not exist, in his pride at the miraculous success of the cause. You recollect Erasmus's epigram—

'Believe that you have it and you have.'

He believes it a palace, and *it is*. As for the rest of us, the young men deem it, and make it, a College. They are studying ten times as hard as they did outside; and the regularity of the system under which we live give us all the advantage, and protects us from the seductions, of a University life. We have the Great Professor to read politics under; and books and maps for more regular study."

Steele joined us, and being told what we were talking of, assented to Gray's opinion.—"Yes," he went on to say, "the spirit of the age is 'work,' and it would not become us to be behind it. When I was at Cambridge, some studied, some idled, some dissipated—here, all work. This is the ninth volume of *Bacon*, which I have reached, by going regularly through the other eight, varying my reading with Dr. Kane's admirable book—a book which will, undoubtedly, make a new era in Irish statistics—and I am one of the least systematic workers in the house. Apart from the Liberator, John O'Connell is by far the most regular in his industry. Ray, who is always busy with hand or head, probably the most constant; and Barrett, by fits and starts, the most vigorous. This, Sir, is Richmond College, at your service."

Ray we found in a little plantation that answers the same purpose as the groves of Academus, and will be as famous by-and-bye. There were two or three books on a bench, and the Home Secretary is deep in one of them. As he is Comptroller of the Household, I questioned him whether the extraordinary reports flying through town, of presents arriving to the prisoners by every coach from the country, were true. He assured me they were. "Take yesterday for example," said he. "In the morning we breakfasted off a table covered with damask, from the looms of Mr. Reed, of Banbridge, who had just presented a tablecloth of exquisite beauty, ornamented with the arms of Ireland, and the insignia of Repeal to each of the 'Conspirators.' We had gunpowder tea from Raheny cottage, sugar from Castlebaggot, and barnbracs, from Town Councillor Andrews. At dinner we had fish from the Bishop of Waterford and Lord Cloncurry, and fruit for the dessert from the garden of the convicted conspirator, Father Tierney, down in the black North. This is one day—you may imagine the rest, and guess whether we can be gloomy with sympathy coming home hourly to our door."

The spirit in which those men make light of their imprisonment is one most hopeful for the country. It is the sure symptom of resolution that knows no yielding. Cowardice or quackery would magnify its sufferings; they think little of them, because they were prepared for the worst that could come. The national honor was in their hands—if they had faltered, we were eternally disgraced—but they have proved it was in safe keeping.

My time now expired, and as I was occupying the place for which others were impatient, I retired.

Steele accompanied me to the outer gate, and taking off his cap, with a mixture of politeness and humor which would have delighted Sir Richard, his great namesake, begged that I would excuse him for not seeing me to my carriage! As I passed the gate, the Governor, Mr. Purdon (whose name the French papers have, by a happy accident, blundered into *Monsieur Pardon!*) just arrived on a hack car, and I witnessed the most characteristic scene of the day.

"Here, my boy," said the Governor, who is a frank, good-humored looking man of about fifty, "here is your fare, and you earned it honestly—you did not spare your whip-cord." The driver put it away hastily with his hand, and indicated that he would not have it. "What!" cried the Governor, "do you refuse nearly double your regular fare? How much do you want?" "Nothing, sir," replied the young Patriot, "but the pleasure of serving your honor, who, they tell me, are so kind to the Liberator."

THE PLANTATION SONG.

The following song is said to be sung by the slaves, as they are chained in gangs, when about to start to the far-off South—children taken from parents, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. It was composed by the slaves themselves, and when sung properly, possesses a peculiar solemnity of expression, and touches the feelings of such as are not seared by the unfeeling influence of Slavery. Henry Bibb, who was at the Akron Convention, sung it, in connection with several others, with great effect:

See these poor souls from Africa,
Transported to America;
We are stolen, and sold to Georgia, will you go along with me?
We are stolen, and sold to Georgia, go sound the jubilee.

See wives and husbands sold apart,
The children's screams!—it breaks my heart;
There is a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
There is a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

Gracious Lord! when shall it be,
That we poor souls shall all be free?
Lord, break them Slavery powers—will you go along with me?
Lord, break them Slavery powers, go sound the jubilee.

Dear Lord! dear Lord! when Slavery'll cease,
Then we poor souls can have our peace;
There is a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
There is a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

EXTRAORDINARY IF TRUE.

We find the following statement in the *Echo de la Nievre:* "In the night of the 11th ultimo, one of the diligences of Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, on its way from Paris to Clermont, when at a quarter of a league from Maltaverne, was suddenly transported by the electric fluid into a field, separated from the road by a wide ditch and an embankment more than a metre in height. Carriage, passengers, and horses, were all carried away as if by enchantment. The diligence was not upset, and the passengers experienced neither shock nor inconvenience; the three horses in front had fallen, but sustained no injury. A strong smell of sulphur, and a large hole in the bottom of the carriage, showing the passage of the electric fluid, could alone explain this ærial voyage. The passengers could not believe their eyes when they alighted, to enable the driver and conductor to get the diligence back to the road, which was an affair of great time and difficulty. This fact, which is attested by too many persons, for us to have any doubt of its reality, supports the theory of *foudres ascendantes*, according to which some men of science suppose that the rupture of the equilibrium of the laws of electricity between the earth and the atmosphere may effect such perturbations at the surface, and even in the bowels of the earth, and that the fluid may rise from the earth to reach the cloud, as well as proceed from the cloud to the earth. M. Arago, who is of this opinion, mentions a fact analogous to the above. In the Summer of 1787, the electric fluid struck two persons who had taken refuge under a tree, near the village of Tarou, in the Beaujolais. Their horses were carried into the tree, and a piece of iron, which bound fast a shoe of one of the animals was found on one of the highest branches."

WAR.

Historians have never given a full and fair analysis of *what war is*. They have described the marches, the seiges, the able manœuvres, the ingenious stratagems, the gallant enterprises, the desperate conflicts, the masterly combinations, the acts of heroic daring, with which war abounds; and they have summed up those descriptions of battles, which we read with breathless interest, by informing us that the victory was gained with a loss of so many thousands killed and wounded—so many thousands made prisoners—and so many standards and pieces of artillery taken from the enemy. But all this is only the outside coloring of war, and goes little way towards making us acquainted with its real character. Historians rarely tell us of the privations suffered—the diseases engendered—the tortures undergone during a campaign;—still less of the vices ripened, the selfishness confirmed, the hearts hardened by this "temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." They do not speak of the ties broken—of the people ruined—of the hearths made desolate—of grief never to be comforted—of shame never to be wiped away—of the burden of abiding affliction brought upon many a happy household—of all the nameless atrocities, *one* of which, in peaceful times, would make our blood run cold, but which, in war, are committed daily, by thousands, with impunity.—*Westminster Review.*

The military despatch of Cæsar from a battle-field is thought to have been unequaled in brevity:—"veni, vidi, vici." Lord Ellenborough might have given the news of his eastern expedition with still greater conciseness: "peccavi!" *i. e.* "I have scinde!"—*Punch.*

Books,

For Sale at the Office of the American A. S. Society, 142 Nassau St. N. Y.

THE LIBERTY BELL of 1844, an Annual, published for the Massachusetts Fair, and consisting of various original articles, from the ablest Anti-Slavery writers in this country, Great Britain and Ireland.

XIMENA, AND OTHER POEMS, by *James Bayard Taylor*. Philadelphia, 1844.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES, or a true picture of the AMERICAN CHURCH AND CLERGY, by *S. S. Foster*; and various other standard Anti-Slavery works.

New-York, July 4, 1844.

TEXAN REVOLUTION.

Republished (with additions) at Washington, D. C., from the Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.

To which is added,—

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, ON THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS, AND THE LATE OUTRAGE IN CALIFORNIA—REPUBLISHED, WITH ADDITIONS, FROM THE LIBERATOR. By Probus.

This is a pamphlet of about 100 large octavo pages. Only a small part consists of the republications; the additions being ten or twelve times larger than the originals. The subjects discussed, are:—

I. The history and merits of the Texan Revolution, under the following heads:

1. The perfidy of the President, and the lawless proceedings of citizens of the United States, who went to Texas "to sow a rebellion."

2. Kindness, hospitality, and generosity of the Mexicans; ingratitude and treachery of the revolutionists.

3. Pretexts of the Revolution. Under this head is a very full account of the political changes which have taken place in Mexico, and of their causes;—the working of the Federative or Federal form of Government, as compared with the Consolidated or Central, in the South American States; a comparative history of *Nullification* in Mexico and the United States; the difference between the South American Federal and Central systems substantially that between our present form of government, and the form proposed by ALEXANDER HAMILTON; the political history of the South American States, and the history and prospects of nullification in the United States, some test of the comparative value of the two systems.

4. Real Causes of the Texan Revolution.

II. The subject of the second Part, or Letter, is the design of annexing Texas to this Union, *at the first session of the next Congress*. The subdivisions of this subject are:—

1. Review of a letter (said to have been, originally, private,) of ex-Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, on the necessity of the speedy annexation of Texas.

2. The principles, speeches, reports, official correspondence, and operations of the leading and confidential friends of John Tyler, in the Cabinet, and in Congress; the alliance between them and the leading members of the democratic party for the extension and perpetuation of slavery and the slave trade, by the acquisition of Texas and California; the outrage committed by Commodore Jones in the latter province, a part, and in execution, of the secret schemes of the cabinet, and a natural result of their spirit and purposes; the ostensible reasons for that outrage examined.

3. The determination and tendency of their policy to bring about a war between the United States of the one part, and Mexico and Great Britain of the other; it being perfectly understood that the former cannot be despoiled of territory fifteen times as large as the State of New-York, and eighty times as large as Massachusetts, without war with Great Britain, as well as with her

4. The Oregon Bill, a part of the said schemes.

5. The questions of *Visitation* and *Search*, on the coast of Africa, for the arrest of slave trading pirates; the actual extent of the slave trade, and its exclusive prosecution under the American flag; the Quintuple and Ashburton Treaties, Gen. Cass's pamphlet and correspondence in France.

6. Negotiations of our government with Mexico for the cession of Texas and California, from the accession of Gen. Jackson to the present time; Character and proceedings of Messrs. Poinsett and Butler, ministers of the United States, in Mexico; suppression, and probable destruction of official documents; *corruption* brought to light; correspondence of Messrs. Webster and Thompson, with Messrs. de Bocanegra and Almonte; *mistranslations*, in our Department of State, and in our Legation at Mexico, of Mexican official documents.

APPENDIX.

1. John Quincy Adams's opinion of the conduct of our government towards Mexico, extracted from his address to his constituents, September 12, 1842.

2. Collection of Proclamations of neutrality, issued by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Van Buren, and Tyler.

☞ For Sale at this Office.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortment of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. CHARLES WISE,
Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of fifteen or twenty boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association.—The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*
BROUGHTON MEADOWS, }
Northampton, April 14, 1844. }

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

(Second Edition.)

JUST Published, and for sale at this office, a new work on Capital Punishment. By Charles Spear. It contains a variety of thrilling and instructive anecdotes; also, all the capital offenses in every State in the Union; and a speech from O'Connell on the subject. Also, several instances of the execution of the *innocent*. Facts are drawn from history and observation, and the entire scripture ground has been examined. The work is embellished with a fine engraving. Price, 62 1-2 cents.

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